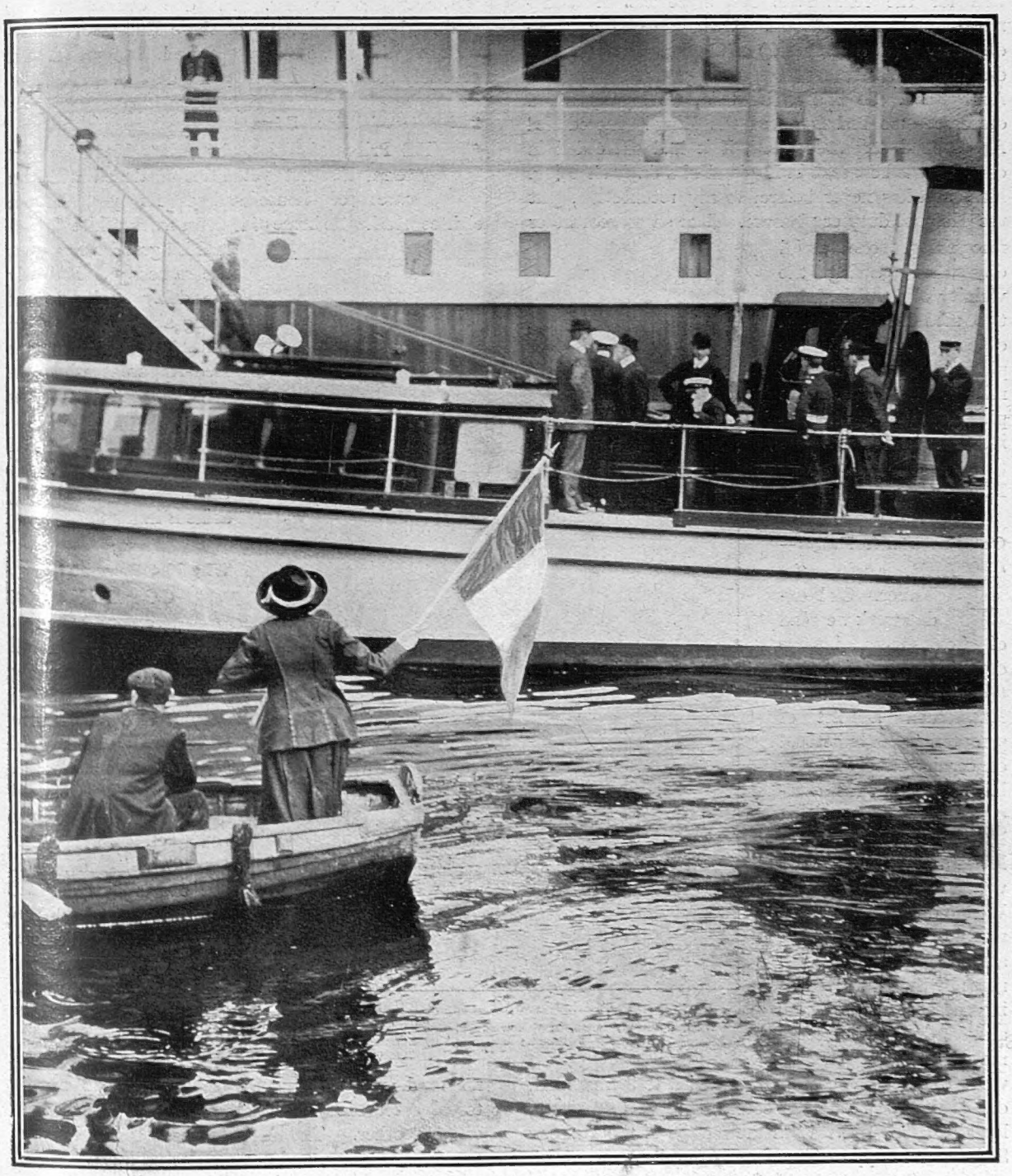
Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

Art Literature & the Drama.

The BYSTANDER

No. 457.—Vol. XXXV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, September 4, 1912 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.



MR. CHURCHILL

MILITANCY BECOMES NAVAL

Snapshot of an incident in the naval campaign undertaken against Great Britain (as represented by Mr. Winston Churchill) by the Suffragette Powers. A flag and megaphone attack, directed by a Mrs. Crowe, at the enemy's vessel, "Enchantress," was answered by smoke—from the cigar of the First Lord

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"

—Pistol (*modified*)

Inexhaustible Royalty

ONE of the many things that tend to keep The Bystander a solid Monarchist is his admiration for the remarkable Royal powers of endurance and recuperation. Owing to the "inclemency" (save the mark) of the weather, the King did not, one morning last week, go out shooting at Abbeystead. So bad as all that, we loyally asked ourselves—too bad for even the King? Incredible! August had surpassed itself, if it had succeeded in cheating the best shot in England of a day's shooting. Mere rain has never before, to my recollection, put the King off duty or pleasure. I seem to remember recognising, one awful day when passing the vicinity of Sandringham, two men in mackintosh capes. One looked the picture of pulp-like misery, the other the pink of good-humoured indifference. It was not the former that was King George.

***

One Remarkable Kaiser—

TAKE, again, the Kaiser. On Monday week we read of feverishness, intense depression, swellings of the throat, and sickness. Had such a list of symptoms been bulletined concerning any ordinary business man, his associates would have written him off as an invalid for at least three weeks. Not so with William II. By the Wednesday of the same week he was up and about, attending to State business; by the Thursday riding out at Wilhelmshohe, and on Saturday speech-making in his capital, while this week he pays his State visit to Switzerland, one of the most fatiguing countries to visit privately, let alone officially. With the motive of the Kaiser's Swiss visit I suppose The Bystander has no concern.

***

And Another

ONE more reminder of kingly fortitude is the inevitable Francis Joseph. Once again, though in his eighty-first year, he goes shooting, and there is no reason to suppose that any greater care will be taken to avoid cold than in previous years. Kaiser Franz will ride in an open carriage to covert, and wait hours if necessary for his prey, whatever the weather. In due course, another cold and—more rumours of those European complications which are always feared, but which will probably *not* take place, after his demise.

***

"Homeless" Prince Edward

THE Prince of Wales, who goes to Magdalen next term, has not yet been burdened with the cares of housekeeping. As yet, though eighteen, he has no home of his own as, in White Lodge, had his grandfather when the same age. Probably the delay is due to not being able to settle on a suitable residence for the Heir-Apparent while the Queen-Mother occupies Marlborough House; also to the known desire of their Majesties to keep the Prince a boy so long as he is in his teens.

THE PUZZLED MERMAID, AUGUST, 1912

"Well, upon my word, in this weather, there's been quite a risk of one's 'swimming upwards,' by mistake."

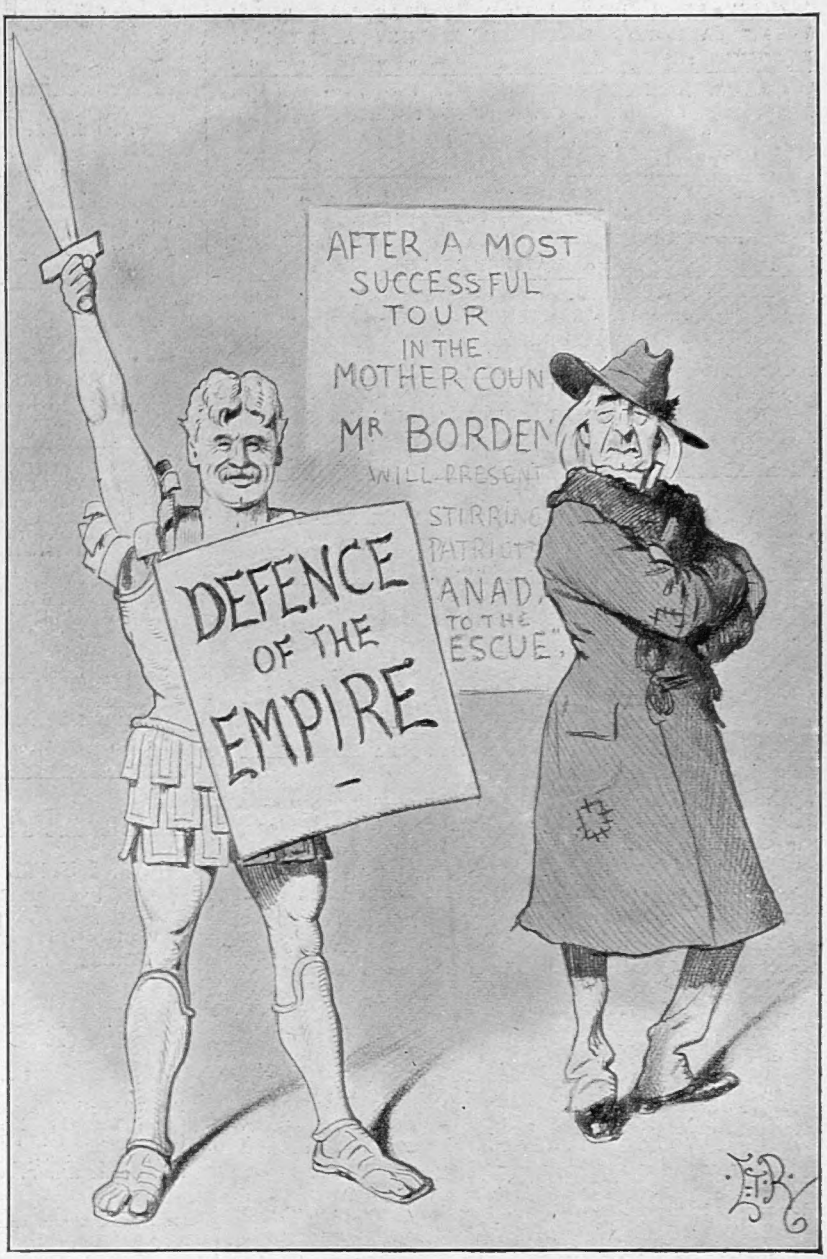
(By E. T. Reed)

***

Why Not Denmark?

A COPENHAGEN correspondent wonders, in the course of an interesting letter, why more English people do not follow Queen Alexandra and spend their summers in Denmark. There are, I am reminded, numbers of beautiful watering-places among the islands, where one can enjoy quiet, and wide stretches of sand, at a cost which is ridiculous. The Baltic, I am also told, is the cleanest and tidiest of seas. Wherever it washes, even the quays of Copenhagen, it brings no mud. As to the people, there is no squalor to pity on the one hand, no splendour to envy on the other. The Royal family lead lives of studied simplicity, and one can "live like a Prince" without any increase of normal expenditure. To this I can add one reminiscence. I went to Copenhagen thinking that German was the best means of making myself understood. I remained to discover it to be the worst. English is the language with which to gain services and smiles.

His Old Part. By E. T. Reed



"Crushed Tragedian" Laurier: "In other-r-r hands—perhaps, but in his, bah! mere vulgar histrionics and cheap at that! If I know my Canada, she will none of it! Tush!"

Those Hieland Games

THE Highland Games Season may, with the Lochaber meeting at Fort William last week, be said to have set in with their accustomed ferocity. They are, no doubt (weather permitting) all very well in their way. But to the average Sassenach, if he had the honesty to admit it, they are deadly dull performances. When you have seen one you have seen the lot. After all, one "tossing of the caber" and one dancing of the reel bears a very strong family likeness to another. I am free to admit that the Ballater games, when the Royal pipers march into the arena (or whatever they call it) with nodding bonnets and skirling (I think that is correct) pipes, and usher in Farquharson's men with their Lochaber axes, are as picturesque a pageant as you would get at Earl's Court or the White City. But when the pibroch elicits nothing more romantic than the toot of the motor-horn, and the gathering cry of the clans only evokes an assemblage of Parisian millinery and American footwear, the thing can be overdone.

* * *

Caledonia (U.S.A.)

I DO not know whether "Caledonia stern and wild" is aware of it, but the fact remains that she is fast becoming an appanage of New York as an alternative to the Newport "cottage" season. Glance, for example at any list of the tenants (for the season) of the great Scottish seats. The Duchess of Marlborough is entertaining at Auchnashellach (last year the stronghold of that eminent Scotsman, the Gaekwar of Baroda); Lady Johnstone (*née* Pinchot of New York) is temporarily the chatelaine of Duart Castle on the Isle of Mull. The Bradley-Martins are the lairds of Balmacaan, and Mr. Yuill, by arrangement with the Earl of Seafield, lords it for the time being at Castle Grant. Mr. and Mrs. John Magee (U.S.A.) are ranging the deer forests of Urie, just as a few months ago they were ranging the promenades of Nice. But what matters? The Americans have a good time, and Scotland gets the dollars.

* * *

The Composer of "Hiawatha"

NOW that Mr. Samuel Coleridge-Taylor has died, at the age of thirty-eight, England is, as usual, being reminded that it has been harbouring a really great composer. For all that we have heard of his music at latter-day concerts, and for all the Press has had to say about his work, he might as well not have existed at all. It is probable that there is more real inspiration and more true melody in the late composer's one work, *The Song of Hiawatha*, than in the complete collection of any other individual British composer. The fact that the man had this genius is attributed to his negro blood. That is a naïve confession of what we think of our own national capacity for producing genius.

* * *

An Example of the Simple Life

IN "envillaging himself" at Sutton Courtney, the Prime Minister has done a private thing that is in a measure public. For a statesman of the first rank to confess himself satisfied with a cottage in an English village is to read a welcome lesson to the plutocracy. Much has been talked about the simple life, but a little more of it is wanted in practice. On page 477 we publish a view of the retreat (with some addditional information, *q.v.*).

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!" ROBERT HALE, IVY ST. HELIER, FARREN SOUTAR, etc. "NEW YORK," BARNOLD'S DOG AND MONKEY ACTORS, etc. EVENINGS, at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALDIN.

DALY'S THEATRE. Every Evening, at 8.15.
MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production,
"GIPSY LOVE," a MUSICAL PLAY in 3 Acts.
Music by FRANZ LEHAR. MATINÉE, Sats., at 2. Tel. 201 Ger.

GARRICK. "FIND THE WOMAN."
A Play in Four Acts by CHARLES KLEIN.
Re-appearance of ARTHUR BOURCHIER and VIOLET VANBRUGH.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. MATINÉE, WEDS., and SATS., at 2.30.

GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, MR. GEORGE EDWARDES.
Every Evening, at 8. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' new production,
"THE SUNSHINE GIRL,"
a Musical Play in Two Acts. Box Office open 10 to 10.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.
Condensed version of "I PAGLIACCI," ELLALINE TERRISS AND SEYMOUR HICKS IN "THE SLUM ANGEL," SOLO, and Star Co. 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* 7541 Gerrard.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Daily, 2.30 and 8.
VENTURA OPERA CO., SCHWARTZ BROS., Mdlle. AURORA, YORKE & ADAMS, CHARLOTTE PARRY, DARRAS BROS., and Star Co. 1*s.* to £4 4*s.* 650 Gerrard.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET, W.
CHARLES GULLIVER, MANAGING DIRECTOR.
Always the Best Entertainment in London.
Two performances daily, 6.20 and 9.10.
Matinées, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30.
Admission from 6*d.* to 5*s.* Private Boxes, 10*s.* 6*d.*, 15*s.*, and £1 1*s.*
ARTHUR BOURCHIER'S "Seven Blind Men," Eugene Stratton, Menetekel, Fred Karno, Fred Emney and Sidney Fairbrother, Ray and Zack, Sammy Shields, Viennese Trio, Varieties, etc., etc.

CONCERT DIRECTION. BANDS. (2727 Kens.)

ERNEST W. GILCHRIST is now arranging, personally, Garden Parties, Dances, Public and Private Concerts, Charity Entertainments, etc., having all the leading artists and well-known Dance Bands on his books. 19, Milner St., Cadogan Square, S.W.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

SILHOUETTES IN SONG. By P. H. Fish. (Routledge and Sons: 3*s.* net.)
ALL MANNER OF FOLK. By Holbrook Jackson. (Grant Richards: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
THE OAKUM-PICKERS. By L. S. Gibson. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
JUDITH LEE. By R. Marsh. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
THE GUIDE BOOK AND THE STAR. By Ruth T. Lindsay. (Benmar.)
THE WEB OF THE GOLDEN SPIDER. By F. O. Bartlett. (Palmer: 6*s.*)
MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD. By A. Courlander. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)
THE STORM DOG. By Lilian Arnold. (Long: 6*s.*)
THE STORY OF JOAN GREENCRAFT. By A. N. Bax. (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*)
FORCE MAJEURE. By P. Rushden. (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*)
SPORT AND PASTIME IN AUSTRALIA. By G. Inglis. (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)
THEIR WINGED DESTINY. By D. W. Horner. (Simpkin, Marshall: 2*s.* net.)
BASIL VERELY. By A. K. Ingram. (Allen: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
BROKEN LADDERS. By A. Soutar. (Cassell: 6*s.*)
GOLDEN VANITY. By Maisie Bennett. (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*)
FROM THE ANGLE OF SEVENTEEN. By E. Phillpotts. (Murray: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
THE SECRET MARRIAGE. By A. Wilson-Barrett. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
PRIDE OF WAR. By G. Janson. (Sidgwick and Jackson: 6*s.*)
THE ROMANCE OF SANDRO BOTTICELLI. By A. J. Anderson. (Stanley Paul: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)
MIRABEL'S ISLAND. By Louis Tracy. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
TALES OF THE OPEN HAZARD. By H. Sutcliffe. (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*)
EVE, SPINSTER. (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*)
BOOK OF THE ALL-ROUND ANGLER. By J. Bickerdyke. (Upcott Gill: 6*s.* net.)
UNCONVENTIONAL TALKS. By Isabel Denby. (Century Press: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)
ST. AGNES' EVE. By Charlotte Moor. (Century Press: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
BARBARA. By Alice and Claude Askew. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)
NEIGHBOURS OF MINE. By R. Andom. (Stanley Paul: 6*s.*)
THE CONFESSIONS OF PERPETUA. By Alice M. Diehl. (Stanley Paul: 6*s.*)
THE MYSTERY OF THE SECOND SHOT. By R. Gillmore. (Appleton: 6*s.*)
THE FAVOUR OF KINGS. By Mary Bradley. (Appleton: 6*s.*)
A WOMAN IN THE LIMELIGHT. By C. Gleig. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
THE PEARL OF THE EAST. By M. T. Hainsselin. (Greening: 6*s.*)
THE WHITE ROSE. By A. Maquet. (Greening: 6*s.*)
THE BOOK OF THE LINKS. By M. H. F. Sutton, F.L.S. (W. H. Smith and Son: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)
THE KEEPER OF THE SECRET. By E. M. Channon. (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*)
A MYSTIC ON THE PRUSSIAN THRONE. By G. Stanhope. (Mills and Boon: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)
A PLAIN WOMAN'S PORTRAIT. By Sophie Cole. (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*)
THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN ROSE. By John Oxenham. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
Per Annum.

	At Home.	Canada Elsewhere.	Abroad.
"The Graphic" (including Summer and Christmas Nos.)	30/-	32/-	36/6
"The Daily Graphic"	39/-	52/-	52/-
"The Daily Graphic" (weekly part 6 Nos.)	43/6	34/8	45/3
"The Bystander"	28/2	30/4	35/-

All Applications or Remittances should be sent direct to the Publisher "The Graphic" Office, Tallis House, Whitefriars London, E.C.
Paris Office for Subscriptions and Advertisements: Marc Dormoy, 35, Rue Lafayette.

TRAVEL.

P & O Pleasure Cruises

From LONDON.

Lisbon, Gibraltar, Madiera, Sept. 12—19 Days.

The "MANTUA'S" Atlantic Cruise in September offers unique attractions for those who voyage for pleasure. Write for Programme.
FARES from about £1 a Day.
Illustrated Programme and Plans of the Ships on application as below.

P & O Co. { Northumberland Avenue, W.C. / 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C. } London.

P & O Programme Post Free.

R.M.S.P. YACHTING CRUISES DE LUXE, 1912.

By Ocean Yachting Steamer
"ARCADIAN"
Twin-screw 8,939 tons. All cabins fitted with Bedsteads instead of Berths. Promenade Deck full length of Vessel. Electric Fans in all Cabins. Electric Laundry, Swimming Bath. Gymnasium. No Cargo carried.

Cr. 7 PENINSULA MOROCCO & MARSEILLES. Most luxurious & interesting Route to the RIVIERA	28 Sept	10 days
Cr. 8. HOLY LAND & EGYPT	9 Oct	29 days
Cr. 9. ALGERIA, SPAIN, &c.	9 Nov	15 days
Cr. 10. WEST INDIES & BERMUDA from Southampton. Unique Winter Cruise via Lisbon, Madiera, West Indian Is., to Jamaica and Bermuda and back by "ORUBA" via Panama, Venezuela, Canary Is., and Morocco, arriving at Southampton	3 Dec / 3 Feb	62 Days

Extension. From Jamaica to Bermuda & back from £5 extra.
Illustrated Booklets from
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.
London: 18, Moorgate Street, E.C., or 32, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HOLIDAYS IN CANADA

HUNTING | FISHING
CAMPING | CANOEING

CANADIAN NORTHERN LINES TRAVERSE THE FINEST SPORTING GROUNDS IN CANADA

Travel from Bristol by

ROYAL LINE

FASTEST STEAMERS

For full particulars, Sailing dates, Fares, etc., apply Head Offices: Bond Court, Walbrook, London, E.C. Ticket Offices: Baltic House, 27, Leadenhall Street, E.C., 21, Charing Cross, S.W., 65, Haymarket, S.W., London; 65, Baldwin Street, Bristol; Chapel Street, Liverpool; 141, Corporation Street, Birmingham; 125, Hope Street, Glasgow; 1 bis rue Scribe, Paris.

HOTELS.

GLENBURN

HOTEL-HYDROPATHIC. ROTHESAY, BUTE.

MARINE SCENERY, and STEAMBOAT SAILING Unsurpassed. Modern House and Beautiful Grounds. 18-Hole Golf Course. Terms, including all Baths, from £2 19*s.* 6*d.* per Week.

Apply MANAGERESS

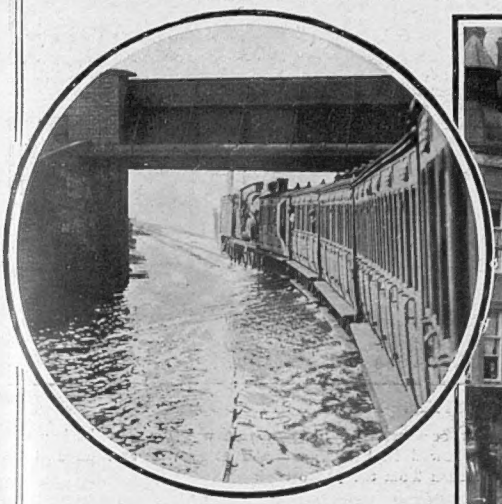
CHARITIES.

THE SHIPWRECKED FISHERMEN AND MARINERS' ROYAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.
"There is Sorrow on the Sea."
FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED.
Bankers—Williams Deacon's Bank, Ltd., Cockspur Street, London, S.W.
Patron—HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
President—The Rt. Hon. THE EARL CADOGAN, K.G.
Chairman—Admiral W. F. S. MANN.
Secretary—G. E. MAUDE, Esq.
Offices—
26, SUFFOLK ST., PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

August's Crowning Crime

DASTARDLY ATTEMPT TO VENETIANISE A RESPECTABLE BRITISH CITY



TRAIN ENTERING NORWICH

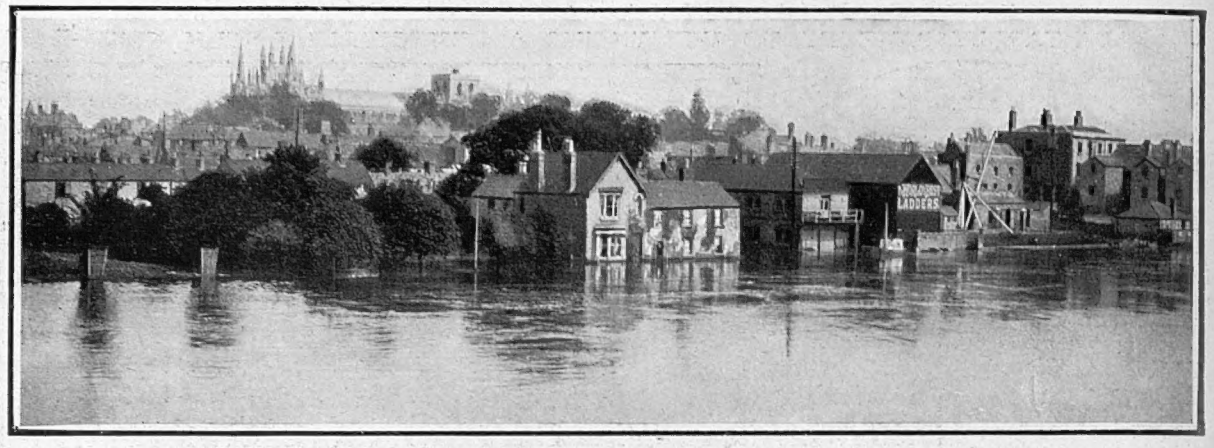
OAK STREET, HEIGHAM, NEAR NORWICH, UNDER WATER

THE VENICE OF NORFOLK
Citizens passing down Magdalen Street Lagoon, Norwich

IMPROMPTU GONDOLIERS PLYING ALONG THE WATERS OF NORWICH, THE QUEEN OF NORFOLK'S NEWLY ARRIVED ADRIATIC

Nothing will convince "The Bystander" that Norwich — ever the proudest of cities—was anything else but intensely proud of herself last week. To her known dignities and beauties she added those of Venice, and went to and from work and market in streets that were canals. The thing has not been done by any English city of her size within living memory, and the East Anglian capital will remind us of her watery glory for many a long year

In Memory of the Worst of Summers



AN ISLAND CITY: PETERBOROUGH'S TRANSFORMATION BY THE FLOODS

The floods last week were certainly more kind to Peterborough than to Norwich, in that comparatively little damage was done to the homes of the citizens, and railway communication was not cut off. But the River Nen overflowed its banks, and the town was surrounded by water, lending it a most picturesque appearance, as may be seen from the photograph

Norwich as August's Limit

IT may be a melancholy satisfaction to Norwich to learn that she has, through her misfortune, won a place in the hearts of her oppressed countrymen. She has provided us with something to hold up as proof positive of the really atrocious conduct of the August of 1912. Had it not been for what has happened at Norwich, August might have slipped out with only an ordinary stain on its character. The fiendish smugs who collect rainfall statistics would have let it go forth that August was not so very much worse, statistically, than she had been in 1903, or 1893, or was it 1879? With a few warm September days we might have forgotten that the horrors we experienced were not only from rain, but from wind—as to which statistics are mendaciously silent—and cold. The Clerk of the Weather would have shaken hands with himself and forgotten August. But at the eleventh hour—Norwich. The great capital of East Anglia becomes flooded out, cut off, isolated. That is proof positive that, whatever the figures say of it, August, 1912, was the worst August ever known: it was an August we are not going to forget, and if any of our readers show any inclination to do so when said warm September days do come, let them cut out our Norwich page and hang it up somewhere. Such a holiday month as it has been must remain branded for all time, and who knows that even the Atlantic (despite its close contact with America) may be brought to book by the knowledge that it enjoys the hatred and contempt of the whole of its eastern seaboard.

* * *

After Panama—The Gulf Stream?

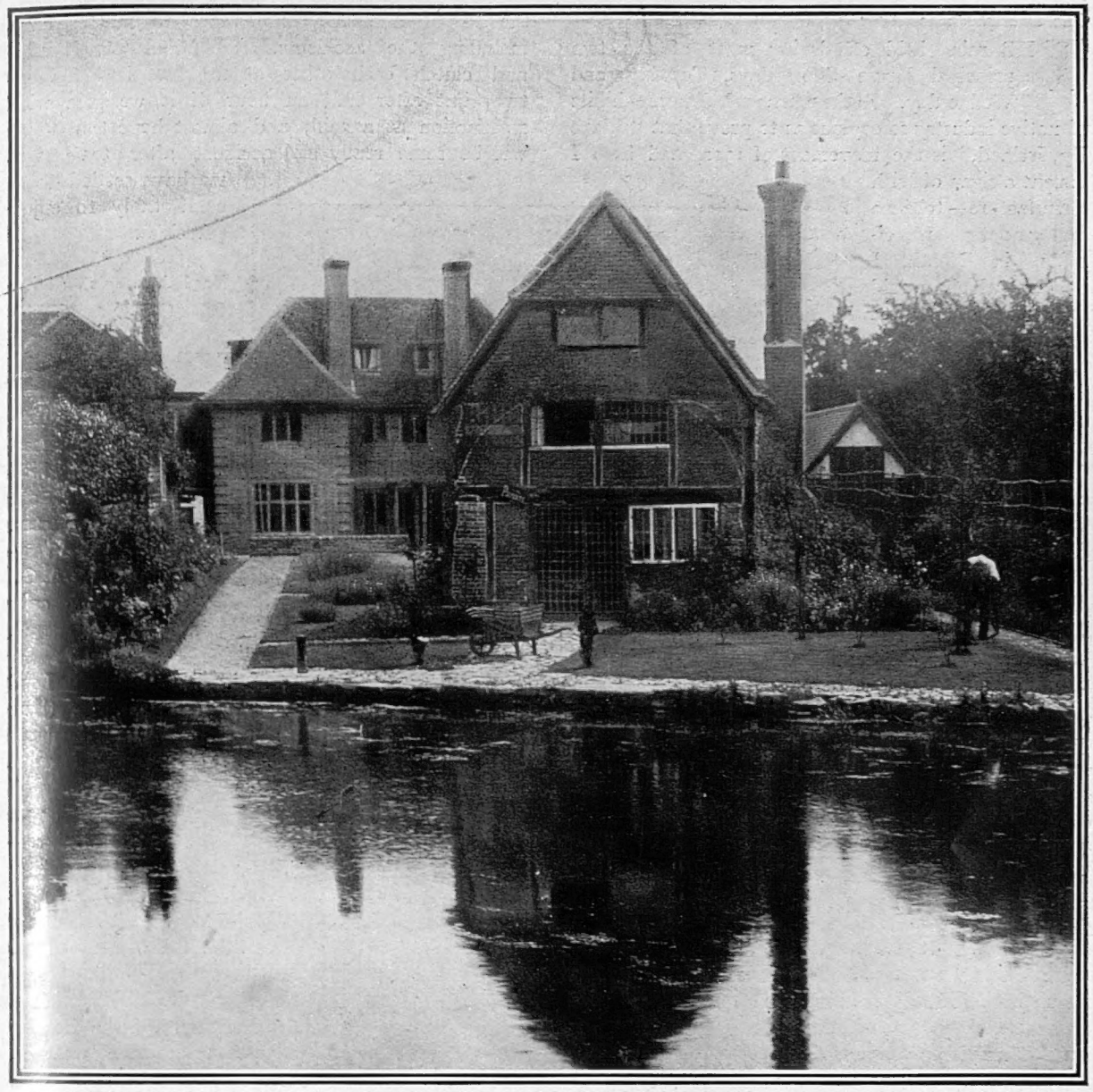
I SUPPOSE, by the way, there is not some subtle connection between the Atlantic and its weather and the Americans and their canal? I remember the wiseacres of the halfpenny Press some years ago were all warning us that, once the Panama Canal was constructed, the course of the Gulf Stream would be diverted, and that Europe would experience a return of the Ice Age. There is no knowing. Possibly the Gulf Stream, coming as it does from South America, is being claimed as an exclusively American waterway, which will either be diverted by the United States or made a dutiable commodity for which we British, if we wished still to have it flow over our way, would have to pay a duty measured either in gallons or in degrees of warm temperature enjoyed.

BOATING ON THE YARMOUTH ROAD AT BECCLES LAST WEEK

The only alternative to swimming, boating was resorted to by the residents of many of Suffolk and Norfolk towns and villages as a means of getting from one place to another

The Premier's Thames-side Retreat

(WITH SOME HINTS HOW TO REACH IT)



THE PREMIER'S THAMES-SIDE COTTAGE RETREAT AT SUTTON COURTNEY, ABINGDON

ABINGDON (Berks) from *Paddington, via* Didcot, 59 miles. Fares, 10/2*a*, 5/1*c*. R. T. for six months, 17/10*a*. Fares, *via* Oxford, 10/6*a*, 5/3½*c*. R. T. for six months, 18/6*a*. Week-end, 15/0*a*, 7/6*c*. Pop.

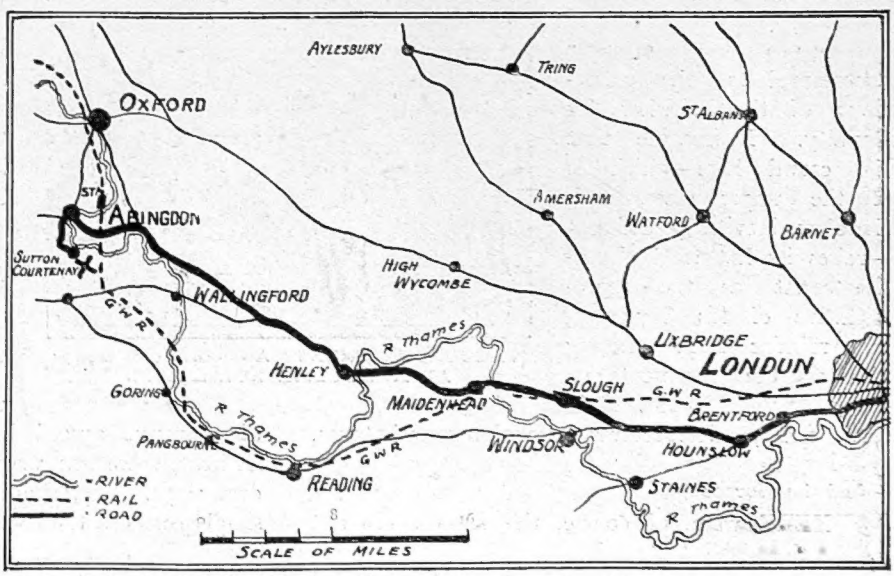
Pad.	Abing	Abing.	Pad.
AM 5 40	7.50	AM 7. 5	9 32
6.30	8.37	8.44	10 15
7.30	10. 3	9.30	12. 0
9. 0	10.58	PM12. 5	2. 5
11.55	1.42	1. 7h	3. 5
PM 1.10	3.17	1. 7	3.20
1.20	4.15	2. 2	5.14
3.18	5.26	3.37h	5.50
3.50	6.25	3.37	6. 0
5.15	7. 5	4.50	7.20
6.50	9.15	6.40½r	8.58
9.50	11.37	8.40½	10.50
—	—	9.25	11.50
—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—

Sunday Trains.

AM11.45	1.50	PM 1.20	3.50
PM 2.25	5.18	8.15	10 40
7.10	10. 5	—	—
—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—

h *Via* Oxford.
r Restaurant Car

From the A.B.C. Railway Guide



In view of the extreme importance of knowing exactly how to get at the Prime Minister, wherever he may be, we give above, for the benefit of Suffragettes, single-taxers and other sociable people, a list of the trains to and from Abingdon, the nearest station to Sutton Courtney, and also a sketch map showing the exact location of the "retreat" and the approach to it by road, rail and river

"The Royal Academy of Horseflesh"

The Dublin Horse Show

THE rain held off during most of the two principal Horse Show days, Tuesday and Wednesday. In the entrance hall were exhibits of native industry so copious as to prove that "Wake Up, Ireland," is the movement of 1912, and here I bought a cigar of Irish manufacture—tobacco is grown principally in Meath, I believe—which would do credit to Havana itself. Lady Powerscourt and Mrs. Gerald Guinness were in charge of a stall, and on Wednesday—the day of the jumping—I noticed, among others, Lady Downshire, Lady Shaftesbury, Lady Cowdray, and with the Viceregal party two Maharajahs. Navy blue appeared to be the fashionable colour.

***

The Viceroy's Visits—

THE Viceroy paid the usual informal visit on Tuesday, and the usual State visit on Wednesday. On the latter he was stopped by the usual Suffragette, who reminded him casually that women were being tortured in Mountjoy Prison, or some spicy bit of gossip of that sort. The Viceroy was received by the crowds with that silence—although a respectful silence—which seems so curious to the stranger accustomed to the enthusiasm of the Britisher for Royalty. I imagine that the crowd here—which is of the upper class, and, therefore, inevitably Unionist—raises its hat to the Lord-Lieutenant as the representative of his Sovereign, but refrains from cheering him as the representative of a hated Home Rule Government, and not for any personal reason whatever.

***

—And the Horses

THERE were, of course, the horses. Is not the Ballsbridge Horse Show the Royal Academy of horseflesh? We get the Royal Academy headache from watching the jumping, and the Royal Academy indifference to masterpieces, including the accidents. We hold our breath and clutch each other at the first bad fall or two, but after half an hour of it we grin with satisfaction at a spill, and almost hope that there will be some really bad accident after tea when we have settled down comfortably to enjoy ourselves.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE VICEREGAL PARTY AT BALLSBRIDGE

On the right will be noticed a signboard in which the reader may detect a political hint to the Viceroy. Should Lord Aberdeen be about to take it, we publish below a portrait of the man we should most like to see succeed him at Dublin Castle. And who knows? Britain may yet decide that she will preserve the Union

VISCOUNT KITCHENER AND LADY IVEAGH AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW

***

English v. Irish Shows

LORD KITCHENER was with Lord and Lady Iveagh's party, his genial smile giving evidence of the mellowing effect which advancing years are having on his character. The Duke of Westminster and Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt were over in Ireland, as usual, on the look-out for good "leppers," so was Lord Marcus Beresford, for there is a prominent business side to this show. It is quite different from the English Show at Olympia, which is much of it circus-riding—trick-riding by horses specially trained for exhibition purposes—and, as it is under cover, the dresses may be the latest drawing-room "creations." At Dublin the riding, the hunting, and the dressing depend upon the weather. The English attendance was, as usual, large; the London and North Western Railway have raised painless travel to a fine art, and no doubt have done much to remove the antipathy between the Celtic and Anglo-Saxon nations.

***

A Question for Mrs. Grundy

AS most people are aware, Signor Toselli and his wife, who used to be the Crown-Princess of Saxony, agreed last year to part company. At least, there was a separation, and they went their own ways. But, if love laughs at locksmiths, Art simply scoffs at the law. In earlier and happier days Signor Toselli and his wife seem to have planned a comic opera together. And no amount of separations, divorces, or the like is going to stop them. For they

Dublin Horse Show—There Were Also Present :—

Photographs
THE COUNTESS OF ARRAN
(Wearing the lesser of the two hats)

LADY WELDON AND LADY HONOR WARD
Both smiling—reason unknown

Topical
VISCOUNT EDNAM AND MISS McGREGOR

Photograph] A GROUP OF SPECTATORS, SOME AMUSED, OTHERS APPARENTLY SHOCKED [*Sport and General*
Lady Arran (left), Lord Tweedmouth (extreme right), Lady Tweedmouth (left centre)

Photographs
LADY MILBANKE AND MR. MACNEILIE
Resting and chatting

EARL AND COUNTESS OF ROSSE
Actively in quest of interest

Topical
LADY LEVINGE
Apparently actually leaving

Interesting Snapshots of Situations Abroad

are going to meet—on neutral ground—and write it. It ought to be a very comic opera—but I wonder if there will be a chaperone. It is a nice question for Mrs. Grundy.

THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN
THE TEUTONIC TYROLESE

The Peasants

THE Anhalt Railway Station is full of Tyrolese peasants. They are returning home to their merchants' desks, their jobs in the Ministry of Finance, and their work in the law courts. While waiting for his train yesterday the Berlin Bystander came upon a dozen, in nailed boots, short leather breeches exposing sunburnt knees, embroidered jackets, and green felt hats with cocks' feathers, *Alpenrosen*, and edelweiss. It seemed like the top of the Sonnenjoch.

CRISIS—THROUGH A TUNNEL

The situation in Albania as viewed through the Pass of Katchanik, near Uskub. The troops are Turks, and they are expecting Albanians any moment. (N.B.—Said Albanians, since the photograph was taken, have returned peacefully home)

An Old Friend

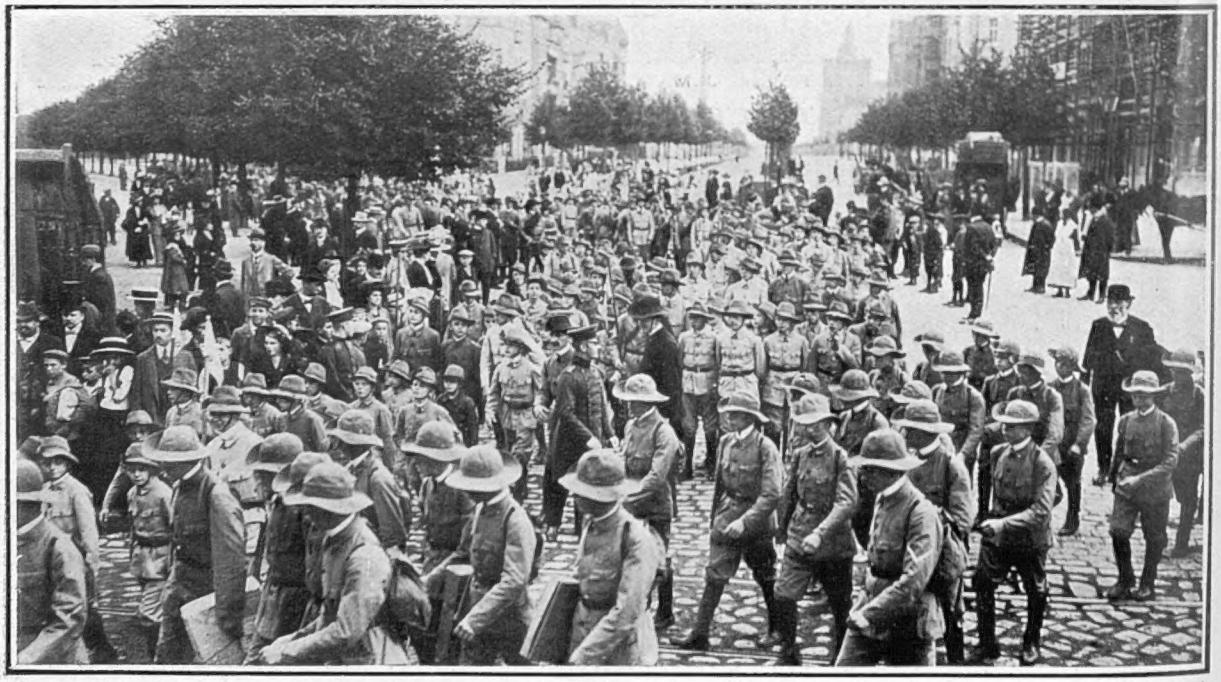
WHEN the Munich train arrived there jumped out seven more full-blown Tyrolese. Four of them were stout gentlemen, two were children, and the last was a gigantic lady with a short petticoat, a spiked stick, and an incomparable Tyrolese hat. When the train was nearly empty there issued the finest Tyrolean of all, a Tyrolean with every detail of garb complete, and even a bramble scratch on his left knee. And in this Tyrolean the Berlin Bystander recognised his old friend, Herr Tugendreich Kohlblaetter, who keeps the comfortable Franzoesisches Café in a street near Wilmersdorf Park.

Dressing the Part

HERR KOHLBLAETTER was back from a holiday spent first at rainy Achensee, then in Vorarlberg, and finally in the rose-flushed (on the posters) Dolomites. He saluted, in pure Berlin dialect, two of the other Tyroleans; and presented one of them to the Berlin Bystander as "Herr Sanitary-Councillor Koenig, of Kuestrin." Then looking admiringly at his bare knees, he remarked to the Berlin Bystander that travellers who go to Rome must do as the Romans do. He explained this by saying that when Germans go to the Tyrol they must do as Germans do, not as Tyroleans do. They must dress themselves as do Germany's Tyrol tourists. Three-quarters of the green-breeched, bare-kneed, cocks'-feathered Tyrolean tourists, he swore, are honest Berliners. The real Tyrolese seldom wears Tyrolean garb. He aspires to look picturesque in the lounge suit and bowler (or Anarchist) hat of romantic Berlin.

A Distinction

"WHENEVER," said Herr Kohlblaetter, "whenever I meet a pale little man in local garb on a Tyrolean pass I hail him in good North-German; but when I see a sunburnt giant in a morning coat I trot out my best



AN OUTING BY THE GERMAN PATHFINDERS: PASSING THROUGH PANKOW, BERLIN

[We hope the enterprising youths sometimes succeed in finding paths which have not already been found, and declared "verboten," by the police]

As a Snub for English Doctors?

THE CHANCELLOR TAKES THE CURE AT MARIENBAD

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (on the left in the weird cloak) PROMENADING IN THE KREUZBRÜNNEN

With Llandrindod Wells to go to, why indeed and to goodness has the Chancellor gone to Marienbad? Is it because he doesn't like British doctors, or—well, we may recall that it was by a visit to an Austrian Spa last year that Mr. Balfour advertised his "detachment" from his colleagues, and a few weeks later resigned. May history be about to repeat itself? We trust that Mr. George's costume has not led to any suspicion on the part of the authorities that his political views are more terroristic even than we know them to be

A Defence of the New York Policeman—

Tyrolese. And I'm nearly always right. The only real Tyroleans are Berliners." If it were not for German trippers, Herr Kohlblaetter persisted, there would be no Tyrolese left. He even affirmed that the jodel-singers are largely German amateurs.

Germany's Success

Herr Kohlblaetter ascribes Germany's success in Tyrolising to the plasticity of the race. Germans, he boasted, mould themselves to everything. In South America they become Spaniards; in North America, Yankees. And they do this quickly. It takes three generations to make a gentleman: but it takes only three years to turn a German into an Englishman. A German's first instinct in a foreign land is to copy his surroundings. "The Englishman and the German," said Herr Kohlblaetter, "are here at opposite poles. The German abroad apes everything; the Englishman abroad is even more intransigently unmouldable than he is at home. The German in England soon talks English so well that he forgets his native tongue, whereas the Englishman in Germany so persists in talking only English that he forgets his German. In England a newly arrived German immediately turns up his trousers, whereas in Germany a newly arrived Englishman turns up his nose. . . ."

J. D. ROCKEFELLER, JUNR.

Who has created an immense sensation in New York by causing pretended disorderly houses to be conducted, in order, it is stated, that he might aid the graft Investigation. One of these houses has been in existence for about a year and evidence against the Police Department grafters has been obtained through this medium

The Last Straw

He was about to develop this thesis. But here there sprung from the train a fat man in a Turkish fez, with a gigantic umbrella, and a straw-coloured moustache. To avoid the revelation that also Turkey is peopled with transmuted Teutons the Berlin Bystander fled.

THE BYSTANDER IN NEW YORK

THE MALIGNED POLICEMAN

A New York Law—

Some weeks since I was, with a friend, motoring along one of the broad tree-lined avenues that lead northward from Central Park, New York. We were going at a fair speed—not over fast, for the weather was wet and the roadway greasy. Suddenly we were confronted by a group of hobbledehoys playing baseball in the middle of the roadway. My friend, who was driving, managed, at the cost of an extensive skid, to avoid manslaughter, a sacrifice which was gratefully acknowledged by a shower of foul-mouthed abuse—and mud. Now, there is in New York a law which prohibits the playing of baseball in the public streets. At the corner of the next block, perhaps fifty yards from the ball-players, a mounted policeman was stationed. As we reached him my friend, who is from Missouri—the State that has for its slogan "You've got to tell me"—drew up and proceeded to trounce the officer for his neglect of duty. He looked at us pityingly and inquired for all defence, "Say, Boss, d'you ever read the papers?" Without waiting for a reply he produced a newspaper-clipping from his pocket, and handed it to us. It was a letter from the Mayor of New York, Mr. Gaynor, to some small correspondent, and ran somewhat as follows: "My dear little Teddy,—I have received your nice letter, and I am very sorry to hear that an unkind policeman will not let you play baseball in the street, when you have nowhere else to play it. Of course, there is a law against it, but perhaps if you show the policeman this letter next time you want to play he will be kind and look the other way." Now, the Mayor of New York is also the deity who controls the destinies of the police, so there was no more to be said, and we drove on.

—And Why it is Useless

The Libelled Policeman

I am reminded of this incident by the outcry at present being raised against the New York police over the mysterious death of Miss Curran, the governess, and recently over the murder of a gaming-house keeper in the Tenderloin district of New York. I am not sufficiently versed in the details of these affairs—my only knowledge being obtained from the imaginative writings of the American reporter—to judge how far the police-force or any portion of it is in fact implicated. Of one thing, however, a fairly complete knowledge of the highways and byways of New York has made me certain—that the New York policeman is one of the most constantly and spitefully libelled persons in the world. It is as much a convention—especially on the part of the gutter-press—to abuse him as it is for us to adulate our own "Bobby." Yet, considering the difficulties by which he is confronted, I doubt if even the Metropolitan police, transported to New York in a body, could do any better than does he.

Huge Criminal Population

With his grievances, as voiced by himself, I am well acquainted, having frequently been favoured with them during nocturnal pilgrimages on the "East Side," where are to be found the great breeding-

Why His Life is Not a Happy One

centres of New York criminality. They run somewhat as follows. First of all there are not enough of him. New York, be it remembered, has probably the largest criminal population of any of the great world-centres. Take one section alone. The number of murders, bomb-attempts, and similar outrages by members of Italian blackmailing secret societies is continually on the increase, and the papers accordingly jibe continually at the powerlessness of the police to prevent them. Their *modus operandi* is simple. Any Italian who has made—or is suspected of having made—money is liable at any moment to receive a command to pay over a sum of money. If he refuse a bomb is exploded at his shop, office, or home. If he still refuse, or if he is fool enough to communicate with the police, he is murdered. He knows this, and nine times out of ten he meekly "hands over." If an outrage occurs and the police try to investigate it the victim is the first to mystify them, well knowing that his life is otherwise not worth an hour's purchase.

Mayoral Prejudices

But the arrest of criminals is the least difficulty the policeman has to contend against. Very much more difficult is it to obtain their conviction once arrested. There are certain laws and regulations for the good governance of New York. Some of them are unpopular. Mr. Gaynor—as in the baseball case I have instanced—sends letters to the newspapers or instructions to the police, saying or implying that they should be treated as dead-letters. When the unhappy policeman makes an arrest his first thought must be whether he may not thereby offend against the Mayoral prejudices—and the Mayor, as I have said, is a power even above the Police Commissioner in police matters. Having decided to risk it, the policeman is only at the beginning of his troubles. Thanks to a long-standing quarrel between the police and the magisterial bench, he must expect to be looked upon as an enemy by the magistrate. Time after time notorious criminals, of whose guilt there was not the slightest doubt, have been discharged scot free, or let off with ridiculously inadequate penalties from this cause. So crying has the scandal grown that an inquiry is to be held into the whole matter in the near future—which will probably result as such inquiries usually do in New York—in nothing at all.

The Professional Politician

Yet another enemy to be considered is the professional politician. Owing, presumably, to the enormous proportion of low-class foreigners in its population, the civic morality of New York is at the lowest ebb—even for the United States. The politician is not nice in the instruments he uses to gain his ends, and, accordingly, any criminal of importance may be expected to possess at least one friend of political power—which power is unfailingly exerted on his behalf. These politicians again have their organs among the gutter-press, and if the police incommode them, a press-campaign is easily set in motion.

A Comparison

I could instance many other influences which render the New York policeman's life "not a happy one," but let these suffice. The New York policeman, individually, is a splendid fellow, kindly, honest and efficient. He is generally speaking, of British stock—not so largely of Irish as we in England are accustomed to believe; he is in very many ways reminiscent of his London brother. But take a London policeman, set him in the same environment, confront him with the same artificially engineered difficulties, set him the same corrupting example as is set by those who direct the civic destinies of New York—and if some small percentage of him do not lose heart and become slack, careless, even corrupt, he must, indeed, be superhuman.

A PLAN FOR MAKING NEW YORK MORE IMPRESSIVE TO VISITORS COMING UP THE HARBOUR

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

THE gold pen with which President Taft signed the Panama Canal Bill is to be exhibited at the Exposition at San Francisco in 1915." Experts believe that it will be placed in the Chamber of Horrors section.

* * *

It seems almost a pity that President Taft cannot be exhibited with the pen. But as a rule, of course, ex-Presidents of the United States are encouraged to lead, as far as possible, the life of private citizens, and no exception is likely to be made in the case of ex-President Taft.

* * *

Talking of signing—Sir Edward Carson is to be the first person to append his signature to the Ulster Covenant. As Sir Edward's autograph must be worth at least half a crown, it will be silly of the Nationalists to try and describe this document as so much waste paper.

* * *

One wonders what the pen with which Sir Edward Carson signs will be made of. Gun-metal?

THE DECOY

A "stationary" balloon is the latest thing which our friends the Germans have invented. We congratulate them heartily upon this, and only wish that they would go further yet and invent a stationary navy.

* * *

It is rumoured, by the way, that the patriotic note which will be struck in the forthcoming play of *Drake* is likely to give offence to the Germans. This is a little difficult to understand. In Drake's time, the Germans did not, so far as we remember, want a place in the sun. A cave was surely much more the sort of thing they liked to have handy?

* * *

Still, if the play is likely to give offence, it should be altered. Couldn't Drake, for example, when the news of the coming of the Armada is brought him, be made to hand the messenger a copy of one of Mr. Norman Angell's books?

* * *

"A spice of interest," says a contemporary, "will be given to cub-hunting doings when hounds get to work in the coverts adjoining Overton, in Wiltshire. A pure white cub has been seen on several occasions." A further spice of interest might be added by awarding the pads to the last man in at the death.

* * *

At the "Babylonian" ball given by the Vanderbilts last week, "Mrs. Adolph Lodenburg wore gold slippers with a butterfly bow and small pearls; Mrs. Stryvesant Fish, gold slippers and Oriental stones; Mrs. Herbert Harriman, gold slippers with heels studded with diamonds: Miss Ruth Twombly, gold slippers and gold hosiery; Miss Sadie Jones, blue satin slippers with diamond buckles." It seems to have been a very creditable display of wealth all round, but the lady with the largest feet, no doubt, had the satisfaction of feeling that she was an easy first.

* * *

A Frenchman who has just come out of prison has, it is said, written a large number of poems during his year's confinement, not to mention a complete novel. This seems one more proof of what reformers are constantly declaring—that short sentences have no deterrent effect upon the determined criminal.

* * *

Portuguese Republicans are getting rather anxious as to the possibilities of another Royalist rising. Already more than a week has passed since King Manoel has distributed the prizes at any lawn tennis tournament or flower-show.

The Joke and Its Critic

AN UNPUBLISHED SATIRE BY THE LATE PHIL MAY

The drawing reproduced here is a satire on the type of person who sits in judgment (even in these days) on the efforts of humorists with pen and pencil. It was made by the late Phil May for the Sydney Sketching Club. At these gatherings each member brought a sketch illustrating a given subject. After being criticised the sketches were hung up, those present drawing lots for first choice. In this way the above became the property of Mr. B. E. Minns, who duly and properly brought it to "The Bystander"

MATTERS MUSICAL

A NEW BOOK ON THE DANCE

A Cheap Reputation

In the extremely improbable event of any of my readers wishing to make himself as familiar with the subject of the Dance as with, let us say, that of Music, he will immediately be struck by two things: firstly, that after a few weeks' reading he will be able safely to pose among all his friends as an "authority;" secondly, that the amount of books at his disposition, even in the Reading-Room of the British Museum, is amazingly limited. The first happy result is likely to hold good for many a year, because the ignorant apathy of the public as regards the technical and historical side of dancing shows little sign of change. The second, however, may be expected gradually to alter, and Mr. Crawford Flitch's book, "Modern Dancing and Dancers" (Grant Richards: 15*s.*), is the first step in the right direction.

ISADORA DUNCAN

REPRODUCTIONS FROM TWO OF THE MANY ILLUSTRATIONS TO 'MODERN DANCING & DANCERS'

DANSE ORIENTALE
After a painting by Léon Bakst

Two Great Personalities

As its title indicates, the book does not deal at all comprehensively with the historical side of the question. We are launched straight into the "good old times" of Taglioni and Fanny Elssler, and Mr. Flitch brings out the difference between the two great dancers exceedingly well, the one rather plain and spiritual, the other full-blooded and very beautiful. The extreme contrast prevails till the end. We see Elssler "received in America by the President of the Union surrounded by his Ministers," the horses torn out of her carriage by an enthusiastic mob, and later ending her life in luxury at Vienna, mourned by the whole town. We see Taglioni, just as successful in her time, dragging out her days as "a white-haired old lady escorting a bevy of schoolgirls in Hyde Park," and eventually dying in obscure misery at Marseilles.

The Times of Decadence

But the part of Mr. Flitch's book which is really most valuable as a contribution to the history of the Dance is his account of the ballet at the English Music-Halls, of the High-Kickers, the Skirt-Dancers, the "Tiller Girls," all the peculiar people, in fact, who flourished towards the end of the nineteenth century. He sorts, labels, and criticises them with a discrimination and an accuracy that might have been impossible a few years hence. It is always as well to realise the kind of depths to which an art can sink, for by so doing one can better appreciate the drift of present tendencies.

Classical Dancing

But when Mr. Flitch deals with "classical" dancing I find myself unable to follow him. True, he does full justice to the genius of Isadora Duncan, and his estimate both of the vices and virtues of the school as a whole seem to me more or less just. But he certainly overpraises Maud Allan—the "weird Oriental strains" of whose "Salome" dance were NOT by Richard Strauss—and he does not understand that why so many of us objected to the "Salome" nonsense was not on account of its impropriety, but because it seemed so utterly passionless and cold. The attraction of Maud Allan was in her personality; when she stepped out of those curtains of hers she seemed at least as effective as when she danced. Technically, she was quite hopelessly amateurish, as little to be compared with Isadora Duncan as with Pavlova.

The Russian Ballet

Over the Russian Ballet Mr. Flitch gushes too much for my taste. However, his account of the secession from the Imperial Theatres is interesting and new—and it raises my admiration for M. Fokine higher than ever. By the bye, what authority has Mr. Flitch got for saying that the arrangement of Schumann's *Carnéval* for orchestra is more faithful to the original than that of Chopin's music in the *Sylphides*? My impression was just the opposite. In spite of these few defects, however, Mr. Flitch has written a very readable book, which should form a valuable sequel to standard works like Vuillier's "History of Dancing." And as a special recommendation to readers of THE BYSTANDER I would add that much of it is extremely amusing.

FRANCIS TOYE

The Revival of a Striking Play

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

MISS JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY

Who will play Alice Maitland in "The Voysey Inheritance," which is to be revived at the Kingsway Theatre on Saturday next. Alice is engaged to Edward Voysey, who, upon the death of his father, decides to carry on the latter's fraudulent trusteeship in the interests of the smaller clients. Not wishing to drag his fiancée into such an unsavoury atmosphere, young Voysey breaks off the engagement

A VISIT TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM

BY "JINGLE" AND NORMAN MORROW.

THE authorities of the British Museum make no charge for admission, and now that I have inspected the exhibits I understand why. All the freaks are dead! What the public wants is a museum with freaks that can be cross-examined. Mr. Barnum understood the public a good deal better than do the sages of Bloomsbury. When he opened a museum he began with a Living Skeleton, a Bearded Lady (who, incidentally, was a married man with a large family), a Russian Giant, and Siamese Twins. With a few items of this sort in their programme the British Museum people could charge for admission all the time, and they would secure a large portion of the patronage that is now diverted to the theatres and music-halls. The management of the British Museum do not seem to have acquired even the rudiments of showmanship. Take the room of gold ornaments and gems, for instance. This rare collection of decorative jewellery is exhibited in cases ranged round the room, as if the design of the management were that it should lack every kind of human interest. The first thing the public wants to know about a collection of jewellery is, How Much is it Worth? Mr. Barnum, I feel sure, would have risen to such an occasion magnificently. He would have had a man with a megaphone at the door shouting out to the effect that this Magnificent Collection of Superb Jewellery is estimated to be worth more than One Thousand Millions of Golden Sovereigns (more or less), and that the exhibits, if laid end to end, would stretch all the way from St. Paul's Cathedral to the Houses of Parliament—it being impossible to guarantee that they would get any further in these very enterprising times.

It would be such a simple matter for the Museum authorities to invite some well-known lady to attend at the Museum every day in order that the public might see how this marvellous display of jewellery looks when worn by a person of taste. The effect would be so different from that produced by the cold and lifeless appearance of the gems in their padded cases. Any one of our leading actresses would be delighted to have it known that on one occasion she had been wearing jewellery of the estimated value of twenty millions of pounds sterling; it would look so well in the advance advertisements of a provincial tour. The fatal tendency of actresses to lose jewellery in large quantities would, I feel sure, be magnanimously suppressed on an occasion of what might be termed national importance. I do not, of course, wish to dictate to the Management of the British Museum. I merely offer them a few friendly hints as a brother showman, who, having taken some pains to ascertain What the Public Wants, is now conscientiously endeavouring to supply the goods to order.

I do not know how much money the Museum authorities are allowed for current expenses, but it is evidently not sufficient to keep the exhibits up to date. In the Graeco-Roman saloon, for instance, many of the statues are in a dreadful state of disrepair; several members of quite good Roman families having now no noses left on their faces. This sort of thing is not calculated to increase the respect of the public for those in authority over them. If the Museum is too poor to get a new bust of, say, a Roman Emperor, the public would, I am sure, subscribe the necessary amount, especially if eloquently appealed to through the *Daily Mail*. The authorities have even taken the trouble to line the walls of the main staircase with what they call a "Tope"—a collection of carvings in a deplorably bad state of repair. Even when it was new, this exhibit must have been the work of amateurs only, and of very little interest to anyone but their immediate relations and friends. Almost without exception the figures in this Tope are mutilated and battered, and yet I do not hear that the Museum people are

taking steps to get a new one. Many of the Art Schools of Kensington and Chelsea would be very pleased to quote a price for a new Tope—by the yard or the piece, as required; and even Art School carving could hardly be worse than that of the present exhibit.

THE ENTHUSIAST WHO WANTED TO EXAMINE CAREFULLY ALL THE GREEK VASES

There is, to my mind, a rather dismal lack of humour about the Museum people, considering the splendid opportunities at their command; though it is true that in one instance they have broken out in a mild way. In one of the Egyptian Galleries, for instance, there is a notice: "Please do not Touch," against a stone statue; and alongside is a large arm terminating in a clenched fist, which looks as if it would strike a ton every time it dropped. But this is hardly the standard of humour we look for in people of the culture of the British Museum lot, and, in my opinion, they would do better to let the joke go, as it is really quite cheap, and, indeed, hardly up to the level of a juvenile comic journal. I mean, if they want to be really funny they might explain why it is that visitors may not take their umbrellas with them when strolling through galleries filled with relics that have already been damaged beyond redemption. I think this explanation would be quite humorous, and would increase the reputation of the British Museum as a place of popular entertainment. Then the freaks shown in the Mummy Room afford opportunities of bubbling humour which can hardly be equalled elsewhere. Take the case of the sarcophagus of Mykerinos, the popular King of Egypt, the inscription on which says that he was the son of Nut. There is a clear chance here for the Museum people to say that no wonder this gentleman was popular in his day, since he was one of the Nuts. It is little homely touches like this that draw the great heart of the English-speaking people.

Then, again, standing beside the remarkable exhibit in Case A, in the First Egyptian Room, I heard a number of young ladies remark "How funny!" The exhibit in question is the mummy of a man supposed to have lived in the neolithic period; and as far as possible the authorities have reconstructed the grave in which the deceased gentleman was found. I submit that since it is clear that such a scene appeals to the sense of humour of young ladies, it forms a valuable hint to the management for future guidance. Instead of letting the mummy speak for himself, as it were, why not fit the case up with a gramophone which would tell the fortune of anyone enterprising enough to put a penny in the slot? I feel sure, from what I saw of the spectators round this exhibit, that the innovation would be quite popular.

No one surely would think twice about having his or her fortune told by a man who must have been in the Ark with Noah. (Unless, of course, he was like the famous American family of long descent whose ancestor had an Ark of his own.) Now and again, it is true, the visitors themselves supply the little touches of humour that go so far to make a show of this kind a popular success. While I was in the Mummy Room an old gentleman came in, and two young men near me nudged each other and giggled

consumedly on observing that he had gone to the really humorous length of removing his hat because he was in the presence of the Dead. What?

In the Ethnological Galleries the interest of the exhibits is almost entirely nullified by the prosaic manner in which they are kept labelled in glass cases. There is a fine show of costumes peculiar to the Red Indian of the Wild West, for instance, together with bows and arrows, tomahawks, and other implements of the Red Indian industry. How easy it would be for the Museum people to hire a company of actors (I believe that at the moment there are still some disengaged) who might wear these costumes and show just how the noble Red Man used to stalk his prey and scalp him at the finish. The juveniles would flock to the British Museum gladly then, if you like! At present, when schoolboys are taken there, they wander disconsolately through the rooms with their hands in their pockets, just wondering whether they shall eat their lunch sandwiches in the prehistoric saloon or in the cooler air of the Egyptian statuary of the basement. The aim of a great institution like the British Museum should be to appeal to all classes, and not to the pampered few who are thought more of just because they can read words of three syllables without having to spell them over first. Justice for all. That's what I say. It is a common thing to see in the Museum a party of dejected boys being led from room to room by an elderly, spectacled person, who expects them to grow faint with delight at the contemplation of a paleolithic arrow head or a frying-pan dating back to the Bronze Age.

SOME RUDE EXHIBITS FROM CEYLON

If the Museum people really wish to attract growing, healthy boys, they have the material quite ready to hand. The polished floor of the rooms upstairs would make quite an admirable skating-rink; while the lower floor, if properly handled, could easily be converted into the finest skittle alley in the world. After all, the Museum is maintained out of the public funds, and it seems to me that the B.P. ought to be consulted as to the manner in which the money is laid out. And if the great thinking public were asked to decide whether the floor space of the famous building in Bloomsbury should be devoted to a display of Graeco-Roman earthenware, or whether it should be adapted for the accommodation of an up-to-date Wiggle-Woggle, I do not think that anyone who knows the said thinking public would have any doubt as to the issue. JINGLE

Could the Vandals Have Done Worse?

AN OLD VENETIAN PALACE JUST OFF THE GRAND CANAL CONVERTED INTO A CINEMATOGRAPH THEATRE

The above photograph makes us wonder whether Italy suffered more from the ravages of the Goths and Vandals than from the "developments" of modern commercialism—the trams in Rome, for instance. At the same time it is rather hard to expect a flourishing and progressive nation to live entirely in the past and to order its own household for the exclusive benefit of foreigners

Tecla Gems

Tecla Pearls and Real Diamonds

PARIS
10 Rue de la Paix

NICE
16 Avenue Masséna

Tecla
7 Old Bond Street London

BERLIN
15 Unter den Linden

VIENNA
2 Kärnthnerstrasse

NO OTHER BRANCHES OR AGENTS IN EUROPE

"They are enjoying an open-air luncheon . . . . and their gay laughter frightens the birds in the trees"

The Truth About Parisian Holidays

BY "L'UN QUI SAIT." ILLUSTRATED BY E. TOURAINE

IT is a widely-spread belief that Paris is deserted during the summer; foreigners who pay us a visit during the months of July and August may testify to the contrary. The closing down of theatres and the disappearance of Society give, in some parts, the delusion of a sleeping town. But the working Paris is there still; the activity of the stupendous buzzing hive is not interrupted. To be convinced of this it is enough to walk across the Champs Elysées towards mid-day, when the sun in ordinary summers is to be seen shining. The industrious bees, the fairies of Paris, the workgirls of our great *couturiers*, skirt hands, embroiderers, models, forewomen, and apprentices are sitting on the benches in the shade of chestnut trees and acacias. They are enjoying an open-air luncheon, a rose stuck in the bodice, and their gay laughter frightens the birds in the trees. Charming sight of youth in repose, recuperating forces to create marvels anew.

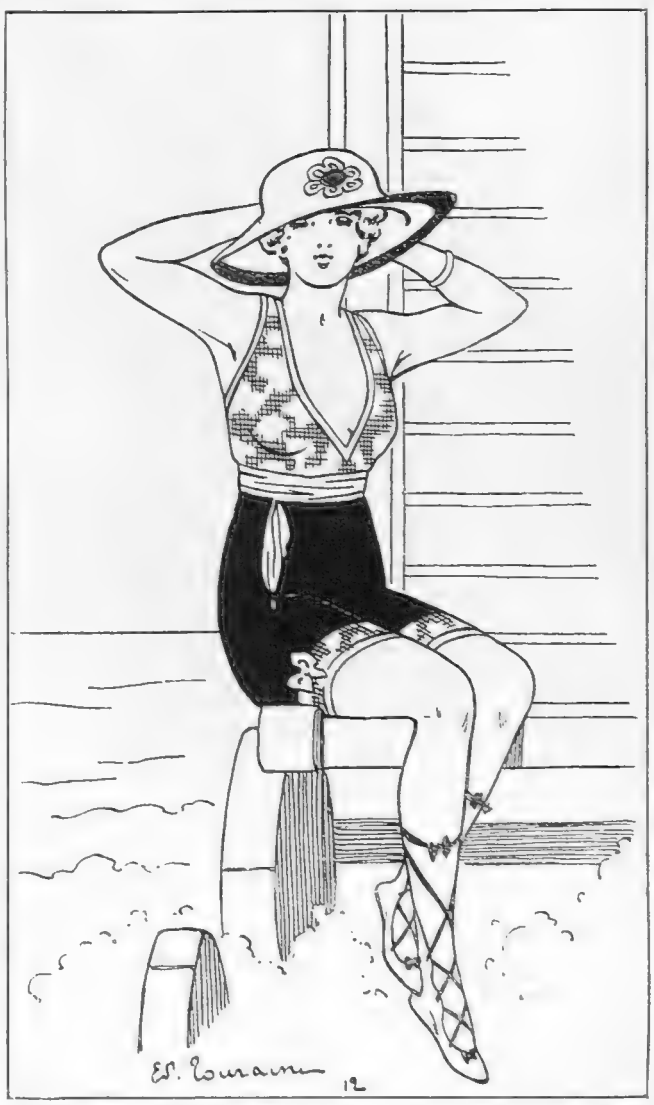
As Ordained by Fashion

But if the working Paris does not leave its post, the world of pleasure which gives fêtes and receptions is there no longer. The exodus begins after the Grand Prix; it is at an end by July 14. Beyond that date Society is not to be seen without committing a breach of tact, of good taste. Drawing-rooms are closed, the furniture is covered up as after a death; there is a death, in truth, but one that will see its resurrection in three months' time. It is the spirit of worldliness. Fashion ordains to-day that we should go to Trouville, Deauville, or Dinard. Not that one ever goes there to have a rest, to take a proper rest-cure is so hard a task; one must stand firm by the decision to remain alone, to live in silence, face to face with a pleasant book. How many among us are capable of such an effort?

The Serfdom of Pleasure

Our *mondaines* go in for sea-bathing in order to meet one another, take up the conversations left off in Paris, and see the same faces they have seen all the year round. The day is nicely divided up for them. They rise late, and it is *chic* to bathe in the same nook on the sands. Last year some women had, for this solemnity, ornamented their bathing-suits with old lace. A fashionable

(*Continued on page 496*)



"Our 'mondaines' go in for sea-bathing. . . . Last year some women had ornamented their bathing suits with old lace"

SPORT AND FASHION AT DEAUVILLE, WHICH HAS NOW S

Every French seaside resort has its "Grande Semaine," when everything becomes even more expensive than before. It usually takes place in the second week in August and lasts a fortnight—that's why it's called a "Grande Semaine," on the analogy of May week at Cambridge. There are races and gala-performances at the Casino, fireworks in the

ERSEDED TROUVILLE AS THE RESORT OF "LE TOUT PARIS"

vening, and Tzigane all night long. The season this year, considered from the social and fashion point of view, has completely passed from Trouville to Deauville, where a new and larger Casino has been opened. "Les planches" of Trouville have been less in favour, and "La Rue Gontaud Biron" in Deauville has been the centre of "potinage" and "flirt"

The French Bourgeoisie Beginning to Travel!

woman should pass nowhere unnoticed. Then follows the walking about in the one shopping street of the town. During the great racing week the afternoon

"One must stand firm by the decision to remain alone . . . . . face to face with a pleasant book"

is consecrated to the *pesage*; one plays bridge from five to seven; the dinner and evening are spent at the Casino. Such is the serfdom of pleasure. No one has found time to look upon the sky or the landscape; the sea sighs away in the distance—forsaken.

The Earth's Revenge

But one must have a rest after these varied pleasures, more extenuating than any form of work. It is then that our *gentilhommes* and great ladies remember that they own a manor house in some out of the way corner of Touraine or Brittany, an ancestral place where they have left the recollections of their childhood asleep. They return for one brief month. They renew acquaintance with the old family servants, and listen to their tales that sound as ancient as the grey walls themselves. The earth has its revenge and pours on their jaded energies the balm of its consoling sweetness. Fevers of ambition, small vanities, vanish into thin air under the shelter of the old trees. The bale of books is undone. there is time to enjoy the beautiful. And this is the best time of the holidays. Amateur theatricals are organised. Popular festivals give an opportunity to the peasantry to take out from their chest of drawers the becoming headdress and national costumes so picturesque to the eye. Old France is galvanised into life before dying out altogether.

The Intellectual Middle-Class

But, in considering Society alone, one would take but a limited survey of the Parisians during their holidays—there remains the intellectual middle-class. This class travels, and spends its holiday month in long tours in Italy, the Near East, or the English-speaking countries. The leisure time is there employed in learning. The intellectual middle-class wishes to fight down the opinion that French people do not leave their home.

An Out-of-Date Legend.

Indeed, this is now a legend which ought to disappear. Certainly there still remains the Parisian so in love with his Paris that he refuses to leave it. One might have surmised, on the analogy of naturalists, that this was an extinct species, but it goes on existing all the same. This interesting fossil holds that his town contains all the wonders of the world. It is an opinion just like any other. But how many Parisians praise Paris without knowing it! Few and far between are the Frenchmen who are able to make under each paving stone the discovery of a fragment of history. Once the determination taken, however, they buy a guide-book and mix with the foreigners who methodically admire our monuments. These, at least, have not wasted their summer.

"The dinner and evening are spent at the Casino"

What Paris Does for the Town Bather

A SEINE-SIDE SUBURB AND ITS CHARMING ENCLOSURES

BATHERS AT THE ISLE OF ADAM (SEINE-ET-OISE)

LE TOUT L'ISLE-ADAM WATCHING THE REST OF L'ISLE-ADAM BATHE

We recently published photographs showing what is, and might be, done to make London a bathing-place during summer. The above show what Paris does to make herself more attractive. "The Bystander" can recommend Seine and Marne bathing as unique in its pleasantness. As how could it be otherwise, seeing that the water is the same as that which gives us our wines?

Preparing for Berlin Already?

RECORD DIVING WHICH SHOULD SURELY SCORE IN THE NEXT OLYMPIC GAMES

Photograph *Dawnport*

The photograph shows a wonderful dive off the Saddle Rock, Torbay, 50 ft. high, by Messrs. F. G. Collings and F. J. Hill both members of the Torquay Leander Club. Mr. Collings, the second man to leave the rock, is seen in the act of taking a double somersault, a very daring feat at this height, and one which has never been attempted by any one else. He is the well-known trick-diver who represented the United Kingdom at the Stadium a few years ago. Mr. Hill, another very fine diver, is taking the "swallow dive"

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY

By S. BEACH CHESTER

Author of "Anomalies of the English Law," "Diners à Deux," etc.

THERE was the sun-shimmer on the sea and a delicate turquoise sky. Far out on the waters a blue-sailed fishing-boat, with the faintest breeze to move it along, tacked gently to and fro. Nearer, there were other diversions, bathers, children and dogs, to catch the eye. Nearer still, there were the tables in my restaurant to behold, and at the tables—well, there were some *chic* patrons at the tables. *Chic* patrons! *Mon Dieu!* Yes! All my patrons are *chic!* I have no use for the other kind! Ah, no!

For three days I had observed with care—ordinary care only—the charming visage of a lady with dark blue eyes. Strictly speaking, I may say that she also had a figure, a perfect figure on the medium scale—not too fragile, nor yet too heavy for the entirely artistic taste. When it is known that I, Giovanni Bandini, the *maître d'hôtel* of eminence, say this much—well, the rest will be understood. In a word, Madame was wonderful. I could respectfully admire Madame without giving offence to my splendid experience. It may be remembered that it is *I* who am speaking. It is not one of your Alsatians from Hanover. No!

Now, Madame was, to all intents and purposes, alone during the three days in question. She had only a *dame de compagnie* with her, a poor soul as ugly as a grenadier and as old as the hills—the hill of Montmartre, for choice. No, no, do not misinterpret my innocent remark! The lady was above reproach. As for Madame herself, she was superb—and of an excellent *milieu*, too. Not that I suggest she belonged to the old nobility, for, in fact, she did not. She was of the *haute bourgeoisie*, with money—money in bags and buckets. Why she came to me at Trouville I did not quite know. That was my initial mystery—I called it the mystery of Madame X. (The "X." was because she always asked for table No. 10, near the middle window of the glass restaurant.) Madame and I soon became good friends. She let me recommend the dishes, and, as for the service, I kept my waiters at "attention" and "quick march." Many a German deserter has wished himself back in the Fatherland after a week of me. I am worse than any general, on Germans. Ah, that's life. It is nothing! I could see that Madame liked my system of restaurant discipline. I also liked the recognition I received from Madame. She gave me fifty sous for my attentive zeal at *déjeuner* each day and five francs for my dinner service. The ladies are not always so generous. Veraciously, they are sometimes mean.

Of course, though I say so much of Madame X., it should be borne in mind that there were other clients at the hotel, fine clients, too, like the Duc de Chaumont and M. François d'Albert. There were several Egyptians, and the Turkish Prince Mahomet as well. Nor must I ignore that agreeable personage, Milord Sir John Postlewick. I called him "milord" because of the money. In England he was only a Lord Mayor, but rich. He admired Madame X. Oh, yes! I thought they would make a fine pair: Madame, however, evidently thought otherwise.

"Giovanni," she said to me one day, with all that charm of manner which ravished my heart, "you can see I am bored. I am full of boredom. There is no one interesting at the hotel. I shall go back to Paris."

"Madame will go back to Paris?" I repeated in dismay.

"There is really nothing else to do. You have no Arsène Lupin in Trouville to kidnap me! There's no chance of an abduction!"

"Is Madame displeased with the *cuisine?*" I asked.

"No, no, Giovanni, it is not that. I am bored, I tell you! The seaside, it is beautiful. The casino is not too disagreeable. The hotel is all one could desire. But I am not amused!"

"Madame is not amused! That is sad, indeed! Madame does not admire Sir Postlewick, the rich Anglais?"

Madame shuddered.

"He is too old—and he was not rich early in life. He is not of the *beau monde*."

"Does not Madame find the moustache of the Duc de Chaumont exquisite?"

"Yes, it is nice, Giovanni, but he is a gambler. I do not admire gamblers."

"M. François d'Albert may please Madame, then?"

"Not at all, for I do not like blonds."

I raised my shoulders in an ecstasy of despair. Truly, Madame was difficult.

"I will search Trouville for Madame's ideal!" I cried. "Madame shall not remain unamused!"

She smiled at me with the most delightfully ingenuous expression in the world.

"What a treasure you are, Giovanni! If all *maîtres d'hôtel* were like you, the universe would run more smoothly. I am sure of it. Certain!"

It is something even for a poor servant like myself to receive compliments from a pretty lady. I was touched, flattered, by Madame.

"It is true," I said, deprecatingly, "that I do not spend my life at the Hôtel Splendide, Trouville. I have served kings and emperors in my time!"

"You are ungallant! You say nothing of the ladies!"

"Ah, Madame, the ladies! I am only a waiter in order that I may breathe the same air as the adorable creatures! I worship them! The lovely, perfumed, subtle, sublime ladies! It is a pleasure to see them. I am only a respectful functionary, but I have my sympathies. Madame, it is a tragedy to me that you should be bored in Trouville!"

Just then the *dame de compagnie* entered the

(All rights strictly reserved)

restaurant, and I had to leave my conversation with Madame X. unfinished.

It was not remarkable that Madame should be just a little out of sorts. With so symmetrical a figure, with such a style, and with the fat money-bags, it was not to be wondered at that Madame was expectant at first and afterwards somewhat disappointed. How such an alluring beauty—for the dark blue eyes were winning and the complexion was as ripe as a peach—could have escaped attention was, indeed, astonishing. Even in the *demi-monde*—and Madame X. was not of the *demi-monde*—there was no one to equal her that season. She had some fine jewels, which I valued at two hundred thousand francs. Louis Larobe would have sold them for double, I daresay.

On the day after Madame had spoken to me so plainly I was tearing my hair with the thought of her boredom, when a tall, slight gentleman, thirty-eight years of age, perhaps, with a languid carriage and a small moustache, entered the restaurant and ordered *déjeuner*.

It so happened that there were few patrons in the restaurant at the time, and I was able to give the gentleman some special service. He seemed easy to please, too, though he was evidently a man of the world with a fine banking account. When he had finished his repast I saw he wished to say something to me, presumably in connection with the house.

"Waiter," said he, without twitching an eyelid, "are there any interesting ladies in the hotel?"

I was equal to the occasion.

"There is Mme. la Comtesse de Vincennes, with her two daughters. The Baronne de Montbazon is also here. I forgot the Marquise de St. Briac and the Princess von Hattenhaus."

"Enough!" cried Monsieur. "Enough!"

"*Entendu*, Monsieur!" I replied, with dignity, drawing myself up to a commanding height. "Perhaps Monsieur desires more wine?"

"Are there any interesting ladies in the house?" he repeated, coolly.

"The Grand Duchess of Saxe-Mülenberg is expected to-morrow," I said.

"*Are there any interesting ladies in the hotel?*" he asked for the third time.

"There is Mademoiselle Henriette Delacour, of the Théâtre Antoine, for example. There are also Mesdames Pistache and Golchowska!"

"I do not mean actresses!" shouted Monsieur. "I mean married ladies, without their husbands!"

I shook my head stupidly.

"I know of no married ladies without husbands," I answered. "The Comtesse de Vincennes, whom I mentioned just now, used to have a husband, but he died last year."

"I take no interest in old ladies," replied Monsieur, scornfully, "nor in ladies whose names appear in the 'Almanach de Gotha.' Have you no one of a type to adore?"

I smiled at Monsieur, reassuringly. If I had been a German I should have winked!

"Ah, it is someone you wish to adore? I comprehend, Monsieur!"

"At last!" he sighed. "Bravo! Yet you look like an *employé* of the funeral pomp monopoly! Tell me all, quickly!"

"To be exact, there is a beautiful lady in the hotel," I said; "I call her 'Madame X.'—and I know she is anxious to pass the time agreeably!"

"Well?"

"Though I am only a poor waiter," I went on, "I can assert that her beauty is peerless, unmatchable! She belongs to the richest and most financially exclusive society imaginable. She is magnificent! Supremely adorable!"

"Yes?"

"I will not say it is 'yes,' though it may not be 'no,' if Monsieur pleases the lady. But, of course, she has a *dame de compagnie*, and her behaviour is exemplary!"

"How old is this goddess of yours?"

"Not more than thirty, I assure you. Not a day more!"

"*Dame!* You interest me. Continue, waiter. No doubt she is very smart?"

I nodded my head, gravely.

"She embodies the height of fashion! Perfect taste, ah yes! Then, her eyes are like stars! There is an air of command about her, too, an imperious *cachet* of distinction, which compels homage. Oh, she is simply wonderful!"

Monsieur eyed me with approval.

"You are not such a fool as I thought!" he exclaimed, involuntarily. "I feel myself falling in love. Though it may be a long fall, I hope to land on my feet! Waiter, I capitulate! I shall be enslaved, enmeshed, entangled like a young fly!"

"But Madame's web is of gold. Remember that! She is rich. She is charming. She is exquisite, lithe, supple, slender—a vision, a delight! You will be the most envied of gentlemen! You will create and sustain a fine reputation!"

"I am not unknown already," interposed Monsieur, modestly. "But this enchanting picture of my prowess means fresh laurels for my brow! Proceed, waiter! You have told me she has money, she has beauty, she has style! What else has she got?"

I rubbed my head, thoughtfully.

"There is always the *dame de compagnie*," I remarked. "A *dame de compagnie* is often more tedious than a husband."

"I will recompense her," said Monsieur, thoroughly aroused. "It will be nothing in exchange for her favour."

"Would it not kill two birds with two stones if I made love to her?" I suggested, solicitously.

"But you say this *dame de compagnie* is ugly?"

"Hideous!" I answered. "Terrible to confront!"

"My good fellow," said Monsieur, with compassion, "you will do better to supply her with indigestible dishes. Press them upon her. She will eat. She will become ill. She will remain in her apartment. The field will then be clear for Madame X. and myself!"

The cool sea air blew in upon us from the beach, and the delightful languor of the hour penetrated our conversation at last. Monsieur turned to the salad, while I soon moved off to usher Monseigneur le Duc de Chaumont to his seat. . . . When I again approached Monsieur, other patrons in the vicinity required my attention. Where, a few minutes before, the room was empty, save for the presence of Monsieur and myself, all had now become animated by the arrival of numberless people.

(Continued on page 502)

Another Seceder from Musical Comedy

Photograph *Dover Street Studios*

MISS MADELINE SEYMOUR

Who is well-known in musical comedy, will play an important part in "The Little Café" which is being produced at the Playhouse on September 28. "The Little Café" is an Anglicised version of "Le Petit Café," a review of which, at the Palais Royal, appeared in the Paris number of "The Bystander," June 5

(*Continued from page 500*)

At the very instant when everything was in full swing, when the Duc de Chaumont was telling his best story to Mme. de Tourlay, and M. d'Albert was smiling love into the eyes of a little blonde, Madame X. made her appearance in the doorway. Her figure was more *chic* than ever, in a white tailor-made costume, cut to perfection. Following her usual custom, she made towards table No. 10. As she was one of my most favoured clients, I hastily went forward to meet her.

"Madame will have some *langouste*, perhaps?" I suggested, when she was seated. "I can earnestly recommend the *langouste*."

I had hardly spoken when Madame chanced to look in the direction of the gentleman to whom I had but lately described her charms. Heavens! The effect was electric. At the moment when Madame caught sight of him, he caught sight of Madame. *Diable!* Monsieur arose and came swiftly to the table of Madame.

"Clotilde," he uttered, in a voice of suppressed emotion, "what are you doing here?"

"Henri!" exclaimed Madame. "Henri! What are *you* doing here?"

"You were with your mother in Burgundy? How comes it I find you in Trouville—alone?" he questioned, nervously. "Tell me that you *are* alone!" he added, in a ferment.

Madame looked upon him pityingly. I could see and hear all, from my discreet proximity to the table. Aha!

"I am alone—save for Jeanne," she said, after a pause.

"It is well," answered Monsieur, seating himself. "I know I have not been the best of husbands, Clotilde! Still, I am about to mend my ways!"

Madame X. threw him an illuminating look of encouragement.

"I came to Trouville because I thought you no longer loved me," she said, simply.

"You were wrong! You're a superb creature!" he returned, admiringly—"at least, now that I see you as you appear to the eyes of the world—now that, by the mouth of that waiter, I have heard of you as the world speaks of you." For he now realised beyond doubt that the incomparable one was none other than his own wife.

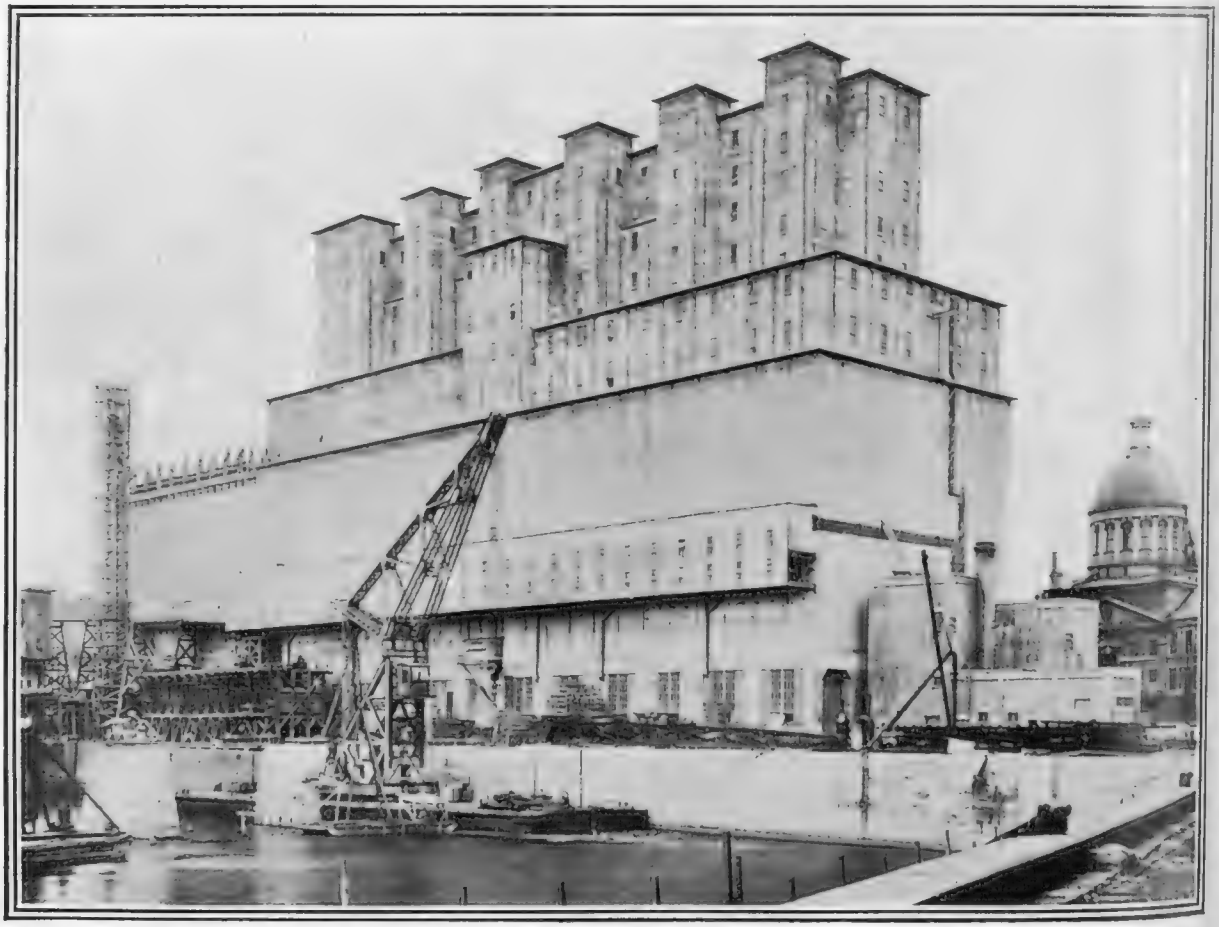
Madame got up, docilely, without having eaten a morsel. She glanced towards me, with a freezing expression of dislike. What had I done, I asked myself? Nothing. I had merely listened to her confidences! Next Monsieur settled his bill. He waited for no change, but his look was enough to frighten an ogre! What had I done to him? I had listened. That was all. People, they are inconsistent!

"What has become of the lady with the *dame de compagnie*, the lady of table 10—'Madame X?'" I asked at the bureau that afternoon.

"Ha! Ha!" screamed the clerk. "Her husband took her away! Have they forgotten to remember you?"

"No," I replied. "They remembered to forget me! And they'll remember for the rest of their lives!"

S. Beach Chester



A STRIKING TESTIMONY TO THE EXPANSION OF CANADA'S WHEAT INDUSTRY

The huge grain elevator which is nearing completion at Montreal. It is built of reinforced concrete, and the town proposes to erect two or three more of this type by 1915. In the three years 1908-10 the production of wheat increased from 112,434,000 bushels to 149,989,600, and of oats from 250,377,000 to 323,449,000

The Camera as a Fighting Force

SUGGESTED BY THE SPREAD OF THE SPY MANIA

By SID TREEBY

An All-Weather Sport

WITH THE EASTERN COUNTIES' OTTER HOUNDS ON THE RIVER HODDER

THE FIELD FORDING THE RIVER

Photographs *Southworth*

HOUNDS PICKING UP THE SCENT

Otter hunting is one of the few outdoor diversions that can be indulged in no matter what the weather, and good sport is invariably to be obtained with the Eastern Counties' Otter Hounds. This pack hunts the rivers of Essex and Suffolk, and portions of Norfolk, Cambridgeshire and Herts, and are here seen, rather far from home, at work on the beautiful Lancashire river Hodder. This river, by the way, is about to be impounded to increase the water supply of Blackpool, which we should have thought was heavy enough already—considering the recent rains

Photograph *G. Derney and Co., Teignmouth*

Waterplane arriving off a typical south coast watering-place to take up "The Bystander's" special flying representative

How I Did Not Fly: By F. G. AFLALO

DEVON hamlets were recently in hysterics over the arrival of the flying men. Swift as an arrow, and at an hour when no one expected it, the Hucks waterplane flashed out of the east into ken of Teignmouth and ran up the sloping beach into its shed. Next day the little town was captured by the queerest combination outfit, to wit, two French bird-men, a German photographer and an American manager. Oh, that manager! He was once assistant to Buffalo Bill, and still retains all the *forster in modo* of the cow-puncher. If the manners of Texan prairies are a little strange to Devon beaches, well, it is part of the entertainment. Typical English summer weather did its best to damp the enthusiasm of west countrymen, but in vain, and the crowds were amazing.

Flying Women

Passengers were hospitably invited at fees ranging from two guineas to four. Precisely the same flight was given in every case, so it was just a matter of getting as high a fee as possible. A curious feature of the day's flying was the number of women who ventured on the plane. My wife was absolutely the first of these *Walküre*, and when a man has stood on a beach watching his helpmate flying away through space and softly humming the tender strains of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," he realises the full force of the proverb that the watched pot never boils. One after another, these airy ladies stepped into the car, to be whisked out over the water by the moderately intrepid Fischer, then turning head to wind, to rise to a very modest altitude and return to dry land 'mid the plaudits of their friends, to whom they extolled the wonderful sensation of bird-travel in the superlatives dear to their sex. True, there was about as much danger in the adventure as in paddling, but they did not know this when they embarked, and it was, on the whole, a very refreshing exhibition of nerve in a generation not remarkable for *sang froid*.

Flight of the Waterplane

So far as it went, the performance of the machine was graceful and attractive, but as it was never taken more than a hundred feet off the water, it is not easy to describe what I understand to be its capabilities. From a spectacular standpoint, in fact, the display could only be ranked as second-rate. With passengers the pilots merely skimmed the water, rising no higher than the old cormorants that fly across the bay morning and evening. Even alone they did nothing very challenging, and an attempt to beat the record for altitude, which the military manager had confidently promised, was somehow wholly overlooked. Promises, in fact, were a little more plentiful than fulfilment. However, there is something irresistibly fascinating in the sight of this biplane gliding through the air at sixty miles an hour, or shooting over the water at forty. It is a costly vehicle, too, since it runs only five miles on a gallon of petrol and a quart of lubricating castor-oil, a consideration which makes at any rate the lower fee of two guineas seem not unreasonable.

Its Limitations

Yet how these planes are to be made serviceable, in warfare or otherwise, is by no means obvious, even when we recognise them as an asset to a regatta or other holiday meeting. I can easily appreciate their value as what the ex-corraller of cattle described to me as "the finest advertisement stunt you ever figured." Though I lack his master eye for such opportunities, they are not to be denied. But how is the waterplane to adapt itself to the emergency needs of peace or war? It has as many moods as the Frenchmen who drive it, and these seem to be as hard to manage as *prime donne* in the opera season. It will not get off the water in absolute calm. It is never taken off dry land in a breeze. The day may look ideal at noon, but no—the waterplane behaves strangely in the air-pockets owing to the sun overhead, and there are no flights before four. A shower of rain makes the canvas too heavy for flying. Water easily gets into the floats. Even when you skim over the water you are not by any means sure of getting into the air. As witness my own sorrowful experience.

A Waterplane Indeed

Fired by the sight of these human hens flying over the waves, I bought a four guinea ticket. I was recklessly prepared to fly, if necessary, to Valhalla. I sensed Asgard and the thrones of the

old gods. I chose early morning for my flight, and, with lively anticipation of yet another sensation to add to those buried memories of my first sweetheart, my first salmon and my first false tooth, I stepped as lightly as circumstances permitted over the wires and into the car. The French pilot bade me be of good courage. I need not have feared. Round went the fearful propeller, all but blowing the curls off the ladies on the beach, and we went off, scudding away over a dead calm sea at thirty-five or forty miles an hour. I begged the pilot not to mind taking me up three or four thousand feet if so inclined. He came round to what should have been head to wind, and, as we flew into an imaginary breeze, he threw his fragile weight against the levers, and I prepared for the sensation of my life. I went on preparing, and by the time I was braced for my ascent into the clouds, we were back on the beach.

A Sadder Man

For one who had fancied himself another Icarus this was hardly exhilarating, and I showed such reluctance to leave my perch that the machine was backed out and we made a second attempt. This time, surely, we should soar. I hoped to fly. I am hoping to still, for the second attempt ended as the first, and after another furious race over the surface we once more returned to land. Well, as the maker of the reluctant machine said to me as I stepped down, it called itself a "water"-plane, and what did I want more? I took him aside, out of hearing of the children in the crowd, and told him several things which he took in excellent part, returning me my money and hoping that I had enjoyed my free spin on the water! This was kindly, but it was tragedy, too. The American manager stood a little way up the beach. He was studying far horizons, this man of many words, and I left him to his probably unprintable meditations. I was a sadder man than when I had stepped up behind the pilot. My heart was too full for any words fit to utter, so I plodded silently homeward. Silently! Silence is with me a symptom of morbid condition. When I am silent I am generally sickening for something. This time I was only sick of something, and that was waterplaning. F. G. AFLALO.

Two Books to Enjoy

TWO books arrived the other day in a neat parcel. They were issued on the same day by the same publisher. They were not, I found, wholly dissimilar. Both provided the most welcome entertainment. Neither must be missed. Having read them, I should like their authors to meet. I should like Professor Stephen Leacock, of McGill University, to meet Mr. A. Neil Lyons, of Mile End and other places. The Professor, on his own showing, enjoys an emolument so high as to place him "distinctly above the policemen, postmen, street-car conductors, and other salaried officials of the neighbourhood," and Mr. Neil Lyons "could transpose music at sight, quote Nietzsche, and scramble eggs," and "was, therefore, articled to a solicitor." Both seem to have distrusted their responsible positions, preferring to add to the gaiety of nations by writing books. And I should like the Professor to take Mr. Lyons to Mariposa, which, he asserts, is, or should be, somewhere in Canada. After that, of course, Mr. Neil Lyons could return the compliment by taking the Professor to Mile End, which was once a fashionable suburb of London, but is not now so fashionable as it was. And, as a further expression of good-will, I suggest that Professor Leacock give Mr. Lyons a copy of his latest work, *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* (Lane: 3*s.* 6*d.* net); whereupon Mr. Lyons will retaliate by presenting his *confrère* with a copy of *Clara: Some Scattered Chapters in the Life of a Hussy* (Lane: 6*s.*). Then Mr. Lyons would say: "So this is Canada?" and the Professor would reply: "So that is England?" And they might adjourn to Mr. Smith's hostelry in Mariposa or to the public-house on Ludgate hill which Clara and her friends speak of as "Opposite."

The Canadian Book

The Professor's *Sketches* are inimitable. This little town of his imagination is full of most interesting and delightful people. Mr. Smith, for instance, is great. Mr. Smith is the proprietor of an inn, whose licence is forfeited in consequence of the accidental and wholly regrettable shutting out of Judge Pepperleigh "after hours." Judge Pepperleigh can stand much, but he cannot stand an insult of this kind. Mr. Smith, however, triumphs, and when an election is at hand, comes out at the top of the poll. This is only right. Mr. Smith has done much for Mariposa: he is an ardent Conservative and a sound Liberal. He has saved a large party from drowning in the middle of a lake nearly four feet deep, and he has provided a "caff" with a French Marquis as *chef*. Undoubtedly he is a great man, and I share Professor Leacock's obvious admiration of his abilities.

Dean Drone

Less successful than Mr. Smith in financial matters is Dean Drone, whose knowledge of the Greek language has not been able to clear the new church of debt. Bazaars held for the purpose are fairly successful—one loses no more than a few dollars—and there is a Whirlwind Campaign of the kind to which London was treated a short time ago; but in the end the burning of the church was, no doubt, the best solution of the difficulty, for the church was insured at double its value. Then there is Mr. Pupkin, who commits suicide on four different occasions because he is ashamed of his parents—they are, unfortunately, millionaires—and because he is madly in love with Judge Pepperleigh's daughter. There is Jefferson Thorpe, who shaves everyone in the town in the intervals of attending to High Finance. (Finance, you understand,

Out with the Devon and Somerset

MEET OF AN HISTORIC PACK OF STAGHOUNDS AT WINSFORD

Photograph *Sport and General*

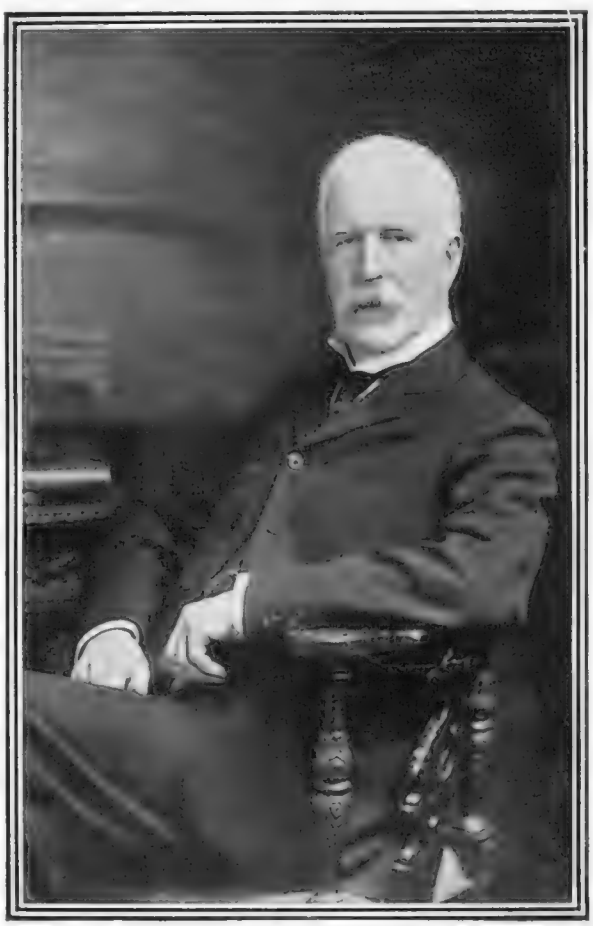
THE FIELD WAITING FOR THE HUNT TO BEGIN

The Devon and Somerset country consists chiefly of moor and woodland, extending 50 miles east to west, and 30 miles north to south, taking in Exmoor and parts of both counties, the pack hunting the wild red deer. The hunt is one of the oldest in the country, it having been established in Queen Elizabeth's time, when Exmoor was hunted by hounds kept by Hugh Pollard at Simonsbath. Our photograph is of a recent meet at the village of Winsford, when, despite the fearful weather, a large field turned out under the Master, Mr. Morland Greig

comes second only to liquid refreshment in Mariposa.) In short, there is a whole gallery of lovable portraits. Mariposa must certainly be visited, and I feel sure that Professor Leacock would be infinitely superior to Herr Baedeker as a guide. His book is extraordinarily funny and good-natured and successful.

The English Book

Clara was once a nurse, but the police viewed her methods of nursing valuables in her box with disapproval, and took her to prison. After that she wore very yellow boots and sold things on Ludgate Hill. Here Mr. Lyons met her (for the second time I hesitate from feelings of delicacy to mention the first), and persuaded her to enter the pages of a book. I do not wonder at his eagerness to get her down on to paper: she is such a good sort. Whereupon Clara and he met with several adventures, mostly in Mile End, which if commonplace in themselves, have been transposed into little gems by the author. For the art of Neil Lyons is very beautiful: he has no rivals in just his own province. Most of Clara's friends have been in prison, some deserve to be there, others will probably go there in a year or two's time. Perhaps the most pathetic occurrence is the return of the convict. Eight years ago he was the boisterous and full-blooded Ginger-Nut: now he is a machine-like creature for ever at attention, will-less, inhuman. Each little incident in this charming book—not all of them, by the way, about Clara—is complete in itself. In Mile End, as I happen to know, they do things in a peculiar way. Neil Lyons has mastered that peculiarity. He has done more; he has welded his art to this east side of London, and the result is another book—you remember his other work?—hovering between laughter and tears, a great book in its way, a book sure of itself, a book at which not even the most puritanical library-assistant could turn up his righteous nose, a book, in a word, of the elementals.



Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

MR H. M. CUNDALL, I.S.O., F.S.A.

Author of "Sudbrook and Its Occupants" (Black), being the history of the fine old house at Sudbrook, Richmond (now the Golf Club-house), and its many famous occupants

A Terrible Book

It is a far cry from Neil Lyons and Professor Leacock to August Strindberg, that strange, occasionally baffling personality who lived long enough to find himself included among the very great ones of the world. For the first time there appears in England a translation of one of those terrible autobiographical novels of his, terrible because truth is so often terrible, and because the author scorned always to put a veil over matters of real moment which polite society does not care to discuss. *The Confession of a Fool* (Stephen Swift: 6*s.*) has been banned by the libraries. I have read reviews of this book which suggest that it should never have been printed, and I daresay that when those whimsically impertinent societies which are formed to maintain the morality of other people meet, *The Confession of a Fool* will be cited as a very good reason for the continuance of their labours. For in this book—Strindberg himself called it terrible—there is that laying bare of the tortured soul which can take no heed of the tiny convictions of little people.

Battle Against Love

Briefly, the *Confession* tells of the author's first marriage to a divorced woman, a degenerate, and altogether vicious creature, but beautiful, tyrannical, amazing. At first she is the wife of a Baron, later the "fool" marries her to save her honour, and finds himself a prisoner. And in the weary years that follow he is for ever attempting to play the strong man, to assert his authority, to kill the love that is so nearly akin to hate. You have something of the same idea in his play, *The Father*, and are reminded here and there of de Stendhal. Here set down as a warning, if you like, is that eternal warfare of the sexes. The wretched wife shrinks from nothing, and the husband battles in vain against the love that is slowly killing him. I think it is a very brave book, a very clean book, a very dreadful book. I shall read it again.

Sudbrook

That fine house at Sudbrook, Richmond, has a history of its own, and in *Sudbrook and Its Occupants* (Black: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) Mr. H. M. Cundall, a past captain of the Golf Club which now has its head-quarters there, tells the tale of its various occupants. The great Duke of Argyll built it, Horace Walpole used to drive over from Strawberry Hill, Royalties took tea on its terraces. Mr. Cundall makes a charming little book, illustrated, by the way, which should appeal to all who visit the district.

RALPH STRAUS

The "Universal" Coffee Percolators and Tea Pots

Coffee boiled in ordinary pots or percolators loses its fine aroma—becomes bitter and unwholesome.

In the "UNIVERSAL" Coffee Percolator the aromatic and invigorating essence of the coffee is extracted before the water boils.

Coffee thus made is perfect—free from the elements which cause this delightful beverage to disagree with so many people when made in the ordinary way.

The Tea-making principle of the "UNIVERSAL" Teapot is the same as that adopted in China and Japan, where the art of "infusing" in perfection is thoroughly understood.

Send a post card for our illustrated descriptive booklets.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, Room F, 31 Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

MALTED BARLEY, WHEAT, AND MILK IN POWDER FORM.

THE COOLING SUMMER DRINK

MADE IN A MOMENT BY STIRRING BRISKLY IN COLD WATER.

Its cooling and thirst-quenching qualities, as well as its nourishing value, commend it to Athletes, Sportsmen, Golfers Tennis Players, Cricketers, etc.

VERY REFRESHING WITH A DASH OF SODA.

SERVED IN REFRESHMENT ROOMS AND BARS AT MANY SPORTS GROUNDS, AND IN RESTAURANTS AND CAFES.

Of all Chemists and Stores, in Sterilized Glass Bottles at **1/6, 2/6,** and **11/-**

Trial size free by post on application.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK COMPANY, SLOUGH, BUCKS, ENGLAND.

AGENCIES.

Australia—
M. MOSS & CO., Sydney and Melbourne.

Canada—
HOSE & BROOKS CO., Ltd., 224, Westminster Avenue, Vancouver, B.C.
L. CHAPUT FILS et CIE., Ltd., Montreal.
GEORGE J. FOY, Ltd., Toronto.
THE HUDSON BAY CO., Winnipeg.

South Africa—
ROLFES, NEBEL & CO., Port Elizabeth.
E. K. GREEN & CO., Cape Town.

India—
C. F. KELLNER & CO., Calcutta.
OAKES & CO., Ltd., Madras.
NUSSERWANJEE & CO., Karachi and Lahore.
HERBERT, SON & CO., 72, Apollo Street, Bombay.

China—
MacEWEN, TRICKEL & CO., Hong Kong, Canton, Macao, Swatow, and Amoy.
ANDREWS von FISCHERZ & GEORGE, Ltd., 1, Foochow Rd., Shanghai.

Burma—
A. SCOTT & CO., Rangoon.

Federated Malay States and Straits Settlements—
A. C. HARPER & CO., Kuala Lumpur.

Cuba—
MICHAELSEN & PRASSE, Obrapia 18, Havana.

Mexico—
M. ZAPATA, M. MERIDA, Yucatan.

Argentine—
J. F. MACADAM & CO., Buenos Aires

Udolpho Wolfe Co., New York.

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS

The World - wide sales of WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS are an indisputable guarantee of its exceptional qualities.

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS is universally recognised as the great domestic emergency beverage, the medicinal "Nip-in-need" so to speak, the drink that pleases the palate and cures functional disorders, restoring the organic balance so essential to perfect health and the full enjoyment of life. Wolfe's Schnapps is equally beneficial to man and woman, and suits all climes and conditions of living.

Unlike ordinary Hollands Gin, Wolfe's Schnapps is a refined beverage, with a unique flavour and pleasant aroma, and its sphere of utility is unlimited.

Wholesale Agents for United Kingdom, East India and Ceylon—

The Finsbury Distillery Co., Ltd., London, E.C.

Shooting: Notes for the Partridge Season

I SCARCELY ever pick up a newspaper in which references are made to shooting and shooters without reading statements which are truly remarkable and decidedly funny. The latest announcement made refers to the Marquis of Ripon, and the journal tells us that "the *clou* of his shooting is to hit a rocketting pheasant at such an angle that he can catch its falling body without moving from his post." I think a good many people would willingly give something to witness Lord Ripon engaged in shooting tall pheasants and catching them in his hands as they fall from 120ft. in the air! In the first place, shoots in which Lord Ripon enjoys himself are generally those where pheasants are pretty numerous, and while they are coming over he is always as busy as he can be with two, and, perhaps, three guns. These occupy his entire attention, taking them from his loaders, firing, and exchanging the discharged gun for a reloaded one. If, then, his lordship's *clou* is, in addition, to catch his birds—a feat worthy of a combination of Sandow and Cinquevalli, for it must be highly difficult work—surely it requires more than a single pair of arms and hands.

EARL OF POWIS AND HIS DOG RETRIEVING

RETRIEVING PARTRIDGES NEAR STRATTON, MICHELDEVER, THE HAMPSHIRE SEAT OF THE EARL OF NORTHBROOK

Lord Ripon's Alleged Dexterity

Anyone who has experienced a blow from a falling pheasant or grouse knows that it will knock one down, so great is the force with which a bird falls. Another thing is that unless a rocketting pheasant happens to be flying immediately over the gunner's head the gunner would have to sprint pretty actively if he desired to be in time to catch it! To realise what it would be like to see Lord Ripon, of all men, shooting a rocketter, say a little to the right, then throwing his gun away for his loader to catch, and dashing off 20 or 30 yards so as to be in time to catch the falling bird for pure delight, would cause even the gods to laugh. Besides, it would scarcely be dignified for an elderly marquis to skip about like a cat on hot bricks, and might spoil other people's sport. Yet we are seriously told this is his *clou* in the *Observer*. I think the writer must really be a bit of a wag, or is he pulling poor Lord Ripon's leg? For I do not think this great sportsman usually gyrates about coverts and shooting fields in the fashion the writer would have us believe, nor has he deserved to be made out to be such a clown.

MR. LAMING AND DOG RETRIEVING.

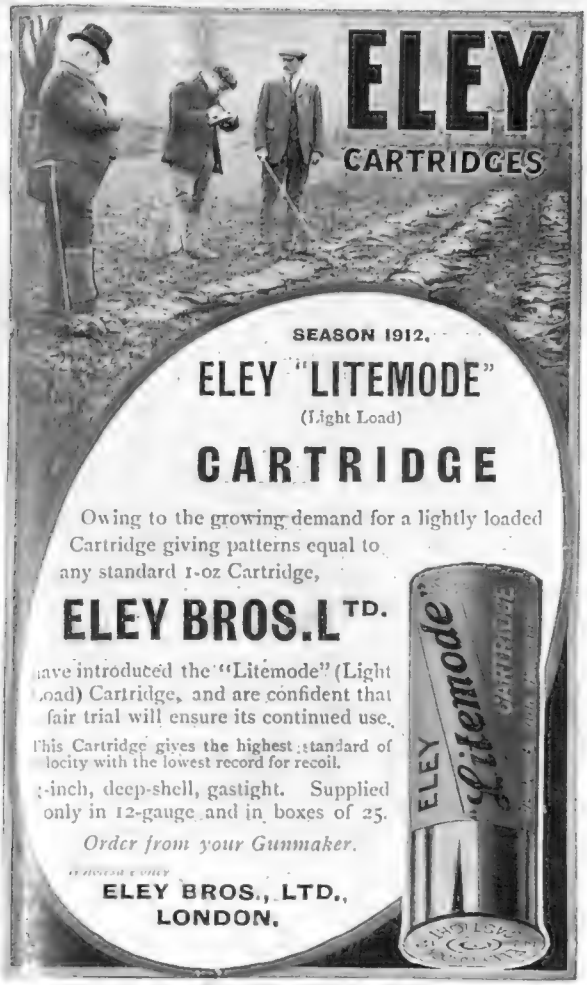
1,375½ Brace of Grouse in a Day

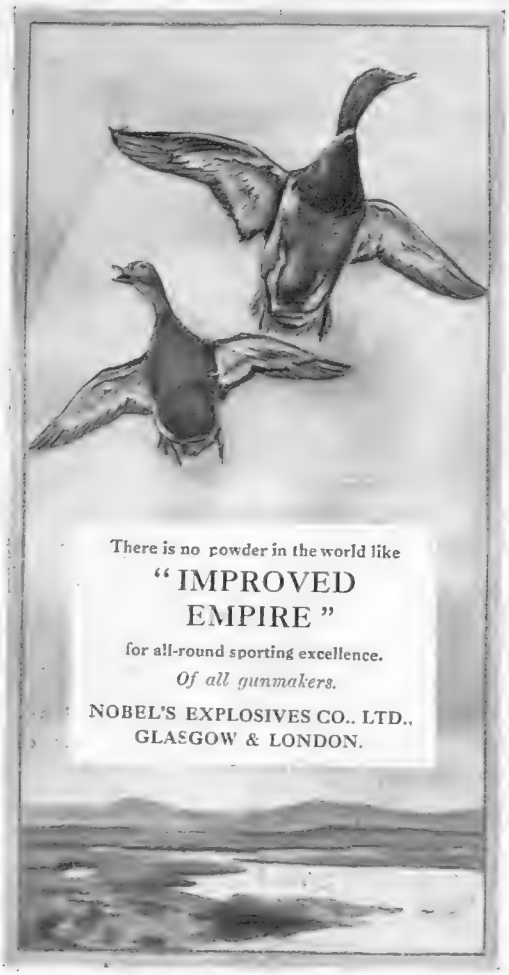
We all know by now what sport has been had with the grouse so far, and it has been of the very best. We hear of record bags, but so far no bag has ever come up to that made by Mr. Rimington Wilson on his moor near Sheffield, when 1,375½ brace were shot in one day some few years ago in six drives backwards and forwards over a single line of butts. It was nearly equalled last season on the Duke of Buccleuch's moor in Scotland, and but for the fact that the cartridges ran out the record might have been beaten. I personally dislike records; I like the best of sport, and that is plenty of birds and hard shots. Yet some men are never happy unless they can be doing something bigger than anyone else.

Partridge Season Prospects

If the grouse season is a good one, I fear the partridge will be shockingly bad. It is simply due to the weather, which for some years now has been thinning our stocks. It always seems to break about the time the hatching commences, and if it is bad then—well, goodbye to the youngsters. This year was very bad, worse in some places than in others, with the result that some of the best partridge counties are denuded of young birds. Some think it will be patchy as regards stocks, and this may be so, though my forecast is gloomy. Young birds will be expensive on the market, for the supply will be limited. It is quite evident that something will have to be done by owners of shoots to protect partridges from inclement weather, if good stocks are to be kept up. Pheasants are reared artificially and protected until such time as they can take care of themselves. If then, partridge eggs were collected and placed under ordinary hens, or, for choice, bantams, I am certain the protection which could be afforded them would amply repay any trouble. On a Buckinghamshire shoot I am interested in this was tried this year, and out of a cluck of eighteen eggs no less than sixteen strong young birds flew out of the coop when it was opened by the side of a covert adjoining a field of roots. By this means I am sure a good head of partridges could always be assured, and sport with this little game bird is always hard to beat.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY


ELEY
CARTRIDGES
SEASON 1912.
ELEY "LITEMODE"
(Light Load)
CARTRIDGE
Owing to the growing demand for a lightly loaded Cartridge giving patterns equal to any standard 1-oz Cartridge,
ELEY BROS. LTD.
have introduced the "Litemode" (Light Load) Cartridge, and are confident that fair trial will ensure its continued use.
This Cartridge gives the highest standard of velocity with the lowest record for recoil.
2-inch, deep-shell, gastight. Supplied only in 12-gauge and in boxes of 25.
Order from your Gunmaker.
ELEY BROS., LTD., LONDON.


There is no powder in the world like
"IMPROVED EMPIRE"
for all-round sporting excellence.
Of all gunmakers.
NOBEL'S EXPLOSIVES CO., LTD., GLASGOW & LONDON.
P.C.B.

Wolsey is guaranteed unshrinkable. Replaced Free if found otherwise.

MAKE absolutely sure of your underwear satisfaction by asking specifically for Wolsey. Wolsey is splendid for Health *and* Comfort, because it is all pure wool; it is economical because it yields lasting, useful service; is guaranteed against shrinkage. Wolsey should be worn by every member of the family; there are sizes and garments to fit them all. Because of its supreme value and the real satisfaction, Wolsey is the most widely worn underwear in the world.

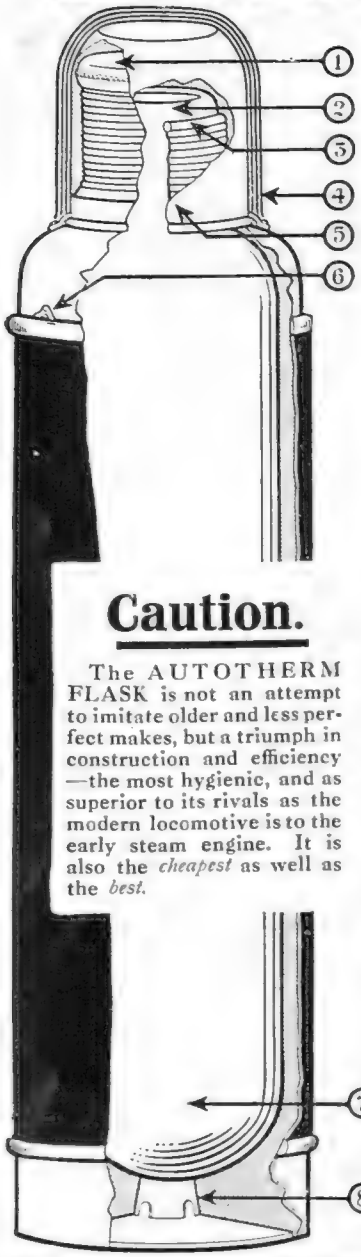
Wolsey UNDERWEAR

Wolsey for Ladies: Combinations, Vests, Hose, Bodices, Blouses, etc. For men includes Vests, Pants, ½ Hose, etc.
Sold by Drapers, Hosiers, and Stores everywhere.
See the Wolsey Head Trade Mark.
WOLSEY UNDERWEAR CO., LEICESTER.

LUNTIN MIXTURE
LUNTIN MIXTURE
by reason of its distinctive delicacy, fragrance, and flavour, will be your constant companion after the first pipeful.
BLENDED FROM MANY KINDS OF CHOICE TOBACCO
In three strengths—Mild, Medium, and Full.
May now be had at 1 oz., 6d.; 2 oz., 1/-; ¼ lb tins, 2/-.
Of all good tobacconists, or send stamps for desired amount to
Sole Manufacturers:
Thomson & Porteous, Edinburgh.

PANHARD
tradition is carried yet a stage further by the new 15 h.p. de Luxe, a magnificent Car with Unit Construction, 4 Speeds, Fibre disc Clutch, Wire Wheels.
Price of Chassis with Tyres £350
Standard Torpedo complete, ready for the road £450
W. & G. DU CROS, Ltd.,
Office and Works—Acton Vale, London, W.
Showrooms—14, Regent St., London, S.W.
Telegrams—"Voiturante" London.
Telephone: Hammersmith 800 (10 lines).

The Autotherm Vacuum Flask



Most useful when Motoring, Boating, Cycling, or in the Train—and for keeping Liquids or Foods for Infants and Invalids warm during the night.

A Few Points of Superiority in the Autotherm Vacuum Flask.

1. Hygienic parchment over cork prevents contact of latter with liquid.
2. Beautifully rounded glass neck—no plaster or other injurious matter.
3. Ingenious rubber device protects neck of bottle.
4. "AUTOTHERM" carries EXTRA CUPS. Other makes carry ONE only.
5. Drinking cups slip on—released in a second. No screw-on part to retain remains of liquid.
6. Top held rigidly by metal clutch.
7. The "AUTOTHERM" can be taken quickly apart. Inner parts detached in a few seconds.
8. Bottle rests on rubber cushion, which prevents breakage.

Summed up, the "AUTOTHERM" is more reliable, more hygienic, more convenient, and more lasting than any other flask.

The "AUTOTHERM" is the Vacuum Flask that really DOES keep ice-cold liquids frigidly cold for at least a week, or boiling liquids steaming hot for at least 24 hours.

Note the Low Prices:—
From 10/6 to £2 2s.

The genuine "AUTOTHERM" is sold by all Stores, high-class Silversmiths, Ironmongers, Chemists, and Fancy Goods Dealers. If your Dealer cannot supply you send name and address to

H. W. KOEHLER, Sole Distributor for Great Britain and the Colonies, 10, Wood Street Square, London, E.C., who will see you are supplied.

Caution.

The AUTOTHERM FLASK is not an attempt to imitate older and less perfect makes, but a triumph in construction and efficiency—the most hygienic, and as superior to its rivals as the modern locomotive is to the early steam engine. It is also the *cheapest* as well as the *best.*

The Guarantee.

If your Omne Tempus fails to keep out the wet—we will take it back.

Samuel Brothers, Ltd.

Telephone 14351 Central.

"OMNE TEMPUS" (Regd.)

THE ONLY RUBBERLESS RAINCOAT WITH A GUARANTEE

IN EVERY STYLE AND SHADE, *from* **45/-**

Ready for wear in all sizes and styles, or made to order. Patterns free. Coats sent on :: approval. ::

The sole property of the designers of the new Regulation Officers' Waterproof recently sealed by the Army Council:

Samuel Brothers

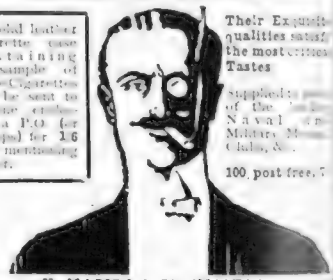
65/7, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Or from country agents. List of names on request.

MARICH Cigarettes

SMOKED BY ROYALTY.

A solid leather cigarette case containing a sample of these Cigarettes will be sent to anyone enclosing a P.O. (or stamps) for 1/6 and mentioning paper.



Their Exquisite qualities satisfy the most critical Tastes

Supplied to [illegible] of the [illegible] Naval [illegible] Military [illegible] Clubs, &c.

100 post free, 7/-

V. MARICH & CO. (MALTA.)
Dept. B. Billiter Buildings, LONDON, E.C.

Exterminated by 'LIVERPOOL' VIRUS

RATS without danger to other animals and without smell from dead bodies. In tins ready prepared with the bait. Virus for Rats 2/6 and 6/-; for Mice, 1/6. Of all Chemists.

Write for particulars to—

EVANS SONS, LESCHER & WEBB, Ltd., 56G, Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

ASTROLOGY MERCURY, THE OLD ASTROLOGER, Guide, Philosopher, and Friend, WILL READ THE STARS FOR YOU, AND REVEAL YOUR DESTINY. Thousands of testimonials from delighted Clients. Send birth-date and 1/- P.O. for Horoscope of your life, with TWO YEARS' Directions and CONFIDENTIAL advice, to Prof. MERCURY (B.D.), Whitchurch, CARDIFF.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.

Faulkner & Son

BOOTMAKERS · ESTABLISHED · 1871

52, South Molton St., Bond St., W.

3 GRANDS PRIX, FRANCO-BRITISH AND TURIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS

Semi-Brogue Shoe

Messrs. FAULKNER & SON'S boots are made by workmen of exceptional skill from the finest and choicest materials obtainable.

LEGGINGS.

Blocked Canvas Button Leggings, in Brown, Grey, or White, **15/-** per pair.

Illustrated Booklet and Self-Measurement Apparatus on Application.

Boston Garter

REGD T.M. H.W. No. 3-4135

Velvet Grip

The name is stamped on every loop. Be sure it's there

Look for the guarantee label attached to each pair.

Rubber Buttons together with Best English Elastic and Nickelled Brass Rustless Fittings.

Cotton (plain, check, or stripe), **1/-** pair.

Silk (plain elastic), **2/-** pair

By Post, 1d. per pair extra.

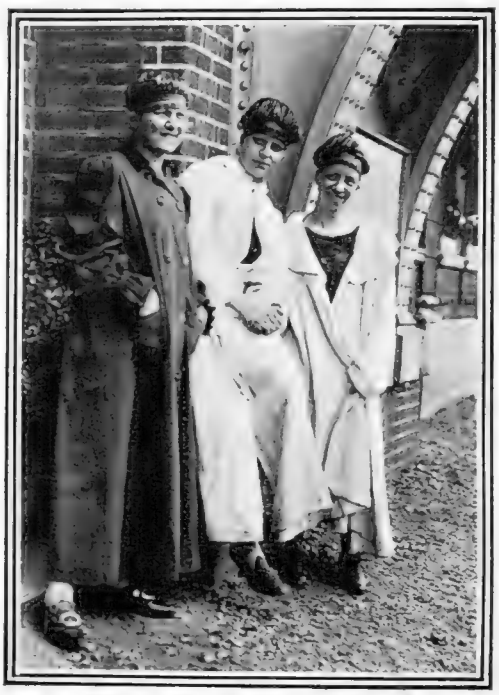
L. & R. WOODERSON, Hosiers,
123 & 124, CHEAPSIDE (under the tree).

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

LAWN TENNIS

A Month of Mudlarking

The abnormally bad weather of the month of August has given added prominence to the question—which is always more or less with us—whether it is necessary or desirable for play to go on in pouring rain upon a surface which has ceased to be turf and become an expanse of more or less liquid mud, merely for the sake of bringing a tournament to something like a definite conclusion. For my own part I cannot understand why a game should be persevered with when it ceases to be a pleasure and becomes a toil. And yet the fact remains that the managers of some tournaments have persevered, and the players engaged therein have responded (more or less reluctantly) to their dictates, and persevered also. In some cases the men donned football attire while the women wore long mackintosh coats over their ordinary tennis attire; and so they played, on courts which were really not fit to be played on, with balls which in five minutes turned from white to black, besides weighing nearly double what they ought to weigh, and with rackets doomed to irretrievable ruin. With what object? I suppose it is just possible to get some sort of fun out of this kind of tennis, and, of course, at every tournament there are a certain number of people who are "on holiday," and who, if they don't get any tournament tennis then, will not get any at all. But I doubt whether even these people would go out into the rain to play private matches under the conditions which I have described.



A WOULD-BE CHANNEL SWIMMER

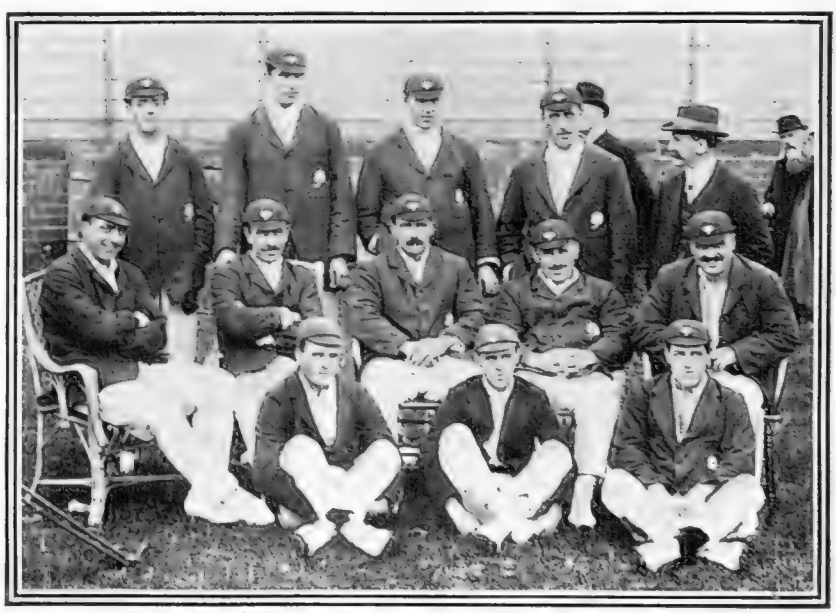
Miss Lily Smith (centre), one of the strongest of English lady swimmers, whose ambition is to emulate the feats of Captain Webb and Burgess. While we wish her every success, we think that to swim the Channel must be quite beyond the power of any woman, such a task requiring phenomenal strength and endurance

Why Do They Do It?

The conclusion I have come to is that the real reason why people are willing to play unplayable tennis is that they have paid to go in for the tournament and are obsessed with the notion that they must have their money's worth somehow. They are like the man who pays an inclusive price for a steamer trip and conscientiously appears at, and partakes of, every meal during the trip, although suffering badly from *mal de mer* all the time. They get no enjoyment out of the game whatever; in fact, more often than not—and nearly always if they happen to have lost—they come out of court with their tempers as badly ruffled as their clothes. The only consolation is that they have had a run for their money. As for those who are in the position of managers, their duty (as they look at it) is to get the tournament through, and I suppose they consider that that duty must be performed somehow. In fact, I think they must even feel a sort of satisfaction over the performance of a task that looks to be impossible.

Hard Courts to the Rescue

But what, I ask, is the good of it all? It would be far better in the long run for everybody if, when grounds are really unfit for play, no attempt were made to play on. Tennis in a quagmire is not tennis at all, and, whatever it is, it is precious poor sport. If my view is



WINNERS OF THE COUNTY CRICKET CHAMPIONSHIP 1912 SEASON: THE YORKSHIRE TEAM

Left to right—Front Row: Messrs. Kilner, Oldroyd, Bates. Middle Row: Messrs. Wilson, Denton, Sir Archibald White (Capt.), Messrs. Hirst and Haigh. Back Row: Messrs Dolphin, Booth, Drake, Rhodes and scorer

wrong, then I contend that every tournament ground should be equipped with two or three "hard" courts, so that if play *must* go on in spite of the weather they can be utilised. Only in this way can tennis be played in such a summer as this without becoming a mere travesty of the real thing, and I can see, in the near future, the hard court becoming a recognised institution everywhere. H. S. S.

GOLF.

By ERNEST LEHMANN

Art of Course Construction

Six years ago, to be precise, in THE BYSTANDER of November 7, 1906, I reviewed the first book that, to my knowledge, dealt solely with the question of the construction, care, and upkeep of golf courses. That book was entitled "Golf Greens and Green-Keeping." It marked a new departure in the shape of books on golf, for it had no word in it as to the playing of the game either from a practical or theoretical point of view. In these last six years we have made a considerable advance in our study and knowledge of the art of course construction and green-keeping. Have we not, indeed, a Green-Keepers' Association, and did not that body hold a meeting this year and show us how its members could disport themselves as golfers? The green-keeper is a more important person than ever, and I have no doubt that before long we shall find the golf architects enrolling themselves into an honourable body with a royal charter.

Photograph *Dixon*

FELIXSTOWE'S CROQUET TOURNAMENT

The Tournament was held last week, and our photograph shows Mrs. Prestor, ex-champion of Ireland, losing to Miss Gilchrist last year's Gold Medallist, in the Class A Singles, third round

A Symposium of Golf

In "The Book of the Links. a Symposium on Golf." edited by Martin Sutton, F.L.S. (W. H. Smith and Son), we find the latest word on all that side of golf which concerns the course in all its aspects. Mr. Colt, one of the very soundest and wisest of amateur golf architects, contributes two most interesting chapters, one on the construction of new courses, and another on golf architecture. This latter chapter is full of wise saws and modern instances, and I commend its careful perusal to all committees of new clubs who are facing the difficult task of the construction and arrangement of a new course. There is one passage that I cannot resist quoting, as it seems to me to have an even wider application than perhaps its author intended. Speaking of the necessity of variety in the size of greens and tees, the width and length of holes, and the depth and shape of bunkers, he says: "Immediately we attempt to standardise sizes, shapes, and distances we lose more than half the pleasure of the game." I hope these wise words will be noted by those who want to put the game into a strait waistcoat, and cabin, crib and confine it by legislative enactment. Mr. Bernard Darwin contributes an excellent chapter on the influence of courses upon players' style, a subject which has always been a favourite study of mine. The educational value of a really fine and testing course cannot be too highly rated. Such courses as St. Andrews, Hoylake, and the old North Berwick have produced players of whom one could say without knowing who they were that such and such a course had nurtured them.

A Good Chapter

One of the most interesting and illuminating chapters is contributed by a writer who hides his identity under the title of "A Golfing Botanist." I learned more from the perusal of "The Vegetation of Golf Links" by this unknown hand, about the methods by which nature forms the ground on which golf links, good, bad, or indifferent, can be made, than from any other work I have read. The book, apart from its many other valuable features, would be worth purchasing for this chapter alone. Another admirable chapter deals with all those details of golf club and course maintenance which appertain to finance. In it can be found, put clearly and concisely, the best methods of dealing with the financial problems which beset a new club. This is a subject that no other golf book has, to my knowledge, yet touched upon. I am glad to see that Sir George Riddell, in his chapter on caddies, dwells with approval on the admirable system pursued at Woking, under which the caddies are set to work in their spare time on green-keeping and gardening. I only wish he had further insisted on the value of training caddies also in the arts of club-making and repairing, and the various branches of the game, by knowledge of which the true professional can be evolved.

Valuable Dissertations

Mr. Hall and the Editor give us most valuable dissertations on "The Manuring of Golf Greens and Courses" and "Grasses and Grass Seeds." From the latter one can learn the amazing variety of grasses that exist, and how, like human beings, each has its separate individuality and characteristics. One robust ruffian, by name *trifolium pannonicum*, called somehow to my mind my early struggles with the campaigns of Cæsar. Happily, it merely denotes a species of clover little used in this country, thank heaven. The book is charmingly illustrated with photographs of famous courses and humorous drawings by Tom Wilkinson, and has a plentiful supply of tables of useful information. The book should find a place in the library of all golf clubs.

"ROSS" again!

"Fifty miles back on the road Ross' refreshed me. Here again it's the same refresher."

Of course it is. Whether you order "Ross" in town or miles from it, at your hotel, on ocean liners, or from your wine dealer, it is the same Belfast-bottled reliable "Ross."

Made with the choicest ingredients and sparkling water from the Ross Belfast Artesian Well—this "ginger ale with the champagne-sparkle" is always of the same high quality, is always the same healthful refresher, and—it always pleases the palate.

ROSS'S *Belfast Dry* **Ginger Ale**

"Ross" blends perfectly with spirits. "Ross" Soda Water has the same natural blending excellence.

W. A. Ross & Sons Ltd.
Sole Manufactory:
Belfast.

WHOLESALE ONLY:—

LONDON: 6 Colonial Avenue, Minories, E.
GLASGOW: 38 York Street.
LIVERPOOL: 325 Tower Buildings, Water Street.

32

"Viyella"

(Regd.)

is pre-eminently THE material for Gentlemen's Shirts, Ladies' Blouses, and all similar garments, especially

FOR SPORTS WEAR.

Its delightful softness—the irritating features of other fabrics being entirely absent—the excellent appearance, the exceptional durability, and the fact that

IT DOES NOT SHRINK,

have made "Viyella" famous the world over—torrid and frigid zones alike, for it is made in all weights.

Obtainable of all high-class Drapers and Outfitters. If any difficulty the Manufacturers will be pleased to send patterns, illustrated booklets and address of nearest Retailer.

Wm. HOLLINS & Co., Ltd., 3a, VIYELLA HOUSE, Newgate St., London, E.C.

"Mellin's" their chief diet until 3 yrs. old.

"All my four children have been practically brought up on 'Mellin's'; the photo shows you how well they have come on through its use. Both my wife and myself think very highly of it." A. W. ORMROD, Sale.

"Mellin's" safe to give from birth.

In a degree not found elsewhere, Mellin's Food, properly prepared, offers all the life-giving principles and necessary constituents for the making of vigorous muscles, strong bones and teeth, and healthy nerves.

Mellin's Food

contains nothing but what the feeblest baby can digest—no cane sugar, no starch, no condensed milk.

To encourage you to try "Mellin's"

A sample bottle will be sent for two penny stamps to cover postage. Invaluable 90-page book for mothers also sent free for two penny stamps.
Address Sample Dept., Mellin's Food, Ltd., Peckham, S.E.

RACING: This Week's Meetings. By CARBINE

Can Tagalie Win the St. Leger?

At York last week I was talking with the trainer of the Derby winner in regard to Tagalie's prospects in the St. Leger, and I was not a little impressed by the note of optimism he struck. For my own part I have always been a believer in the grey filly's merit, and readers will recall that I predicted her success in these pages. Nothing would please me more than to see her confirm her Derby form by winning the big Doncaster race next week. Dawson Waugh's sanguine opinion of his mare encourages me to think that she will run well. Of the probable opposition the trainer only fears Lomond, and in view of rumours to the detriment of Mr. Hulton's colt, Dawson Waugh is even hopeful that his filly will beat him. Quotation lists on the Leger appear every day in the papers, but betting on the race is practically at a standstill. Everyone is waiting to see how Lomond will come out on the day of the race. His trainer assured me last week that the favourite was going on well, but subsequent reports are not encouraging. A final review of the St. Leger prospects may be left until next week. I shall probably go for **Lomond** unless any bad news comes of him in the meantime.

Derby Selections

There is every probability of a successful meeting at Derby this week, and the Peveril of the Peak Plate on Thursday will be a handicap of exceptional interest. Whisk Broom has a tremendous task with 9st. 7lb., but he is about the best miler in training, and is expected by many to make up in this race for the bad luck he experienced in the Royal Hunt Cup. Long Set and Spanish Prince must, of course, threaten grave danger to the top-weight, but I have some faith in **Whisk Broom.** The Rangemore Plate on the same afternoon may fall to **Polymela.** On Wednesday I think the Devonshire Nursery will be won by **Mix Up,** and the Portland Plate I look upon as good for **Jesmond.**

Manchester and Kempton

Racing forces will be divided between Manchester and Kempton Park at the end of the present week. The Prince Edward Handicap on Saturday is the chief attraction of the former meeting. One cannot fancy Martingale II. after her horribly disappointing display in the Ebor Handicap, nor is there any encouragement to go for King William. On the other hand, Mynora should be prominent on her Ebor form, and Wilfrid may get into the first three. The Manton candidates will be dangerous, but my selection is **Mynora,** whose last race this will probably be. On Friday the Lancaster Nursery may be won by **Light Brigade,** and Mr. E. Hulton, who is naturally keen to score at Manchester, may secure the Autumn Breeders' Foal Plate with **Queen's Man** or **Waiontha.** On Saturday at Kempton Park the chief event will be the Breeders' Foal Plate, which **Sun Yat** should win if he has sufficiently recovered from his recent trouble. Lord Lonsdale may win the September Nursery with **St. Begoe.**

GANT
41, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

The most Advantageous Terms of any Reliable Turf Accountancy Extant—(Vide Press)

£50,000 Guaranteed DEPOSIT at Bankers for this particular business.

(CREDIT ACCOUNTS ONLY.)

Write giving particulars of your requirements to

DANIEL M.
GANT
41, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

"Country Life"

Smoking Mixture

This delightful combination of the Best Tobaccos is sold in two strengths :

MILD and MEDIUM.

5D. per ounce. **1/8** per ¼-lb. tin.

N.B.—"Country Life" is packed in original packets and tins by the Manufacturers :

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham

The Imperial Tobacco Co (of Gt. Britain and Ireland), Ltd

BOYS' AND YOUTHS'

School Outfits

Fully Illustrated List, Self-measurement Forms and Patterns Post free on request.

Carriage Paid throughout United Kingdom

When ordering please quote No. 32 AV.
YOUTHS' ETON JACKET AND VEST.
In Black Vicuna and Cheviots,
Prices, 22/6, 29/6, 33/6, 42/-

No. 33 YB.—STRIPED TROUSERS for Day Wear.
Prices, 10/6 and 13/6

No. 34 AV.—BLACK TROUSERS for Evening Wear.
Prices 8/6 to 16/6

No. 35 AV.—SILK HAT.
Prices, 10/6 and 15/6

D. H. EVANS & Co., Ltd. BOND ST. NEAREST TUBE STATION.
290 to 320, OXFORD STREET, LONDON. W.

"Pears"

SOAP FOR THE TOILET

is sold in ***One Quality*** but in ***Four Styles,*** viz.:—

The popular Unscented Tablet — the ideal soap for EVERY-DAY use. Absolutely pure and of the highest possible quality. Retail Price	**6d.** per Tablet.
The same soap, in larger Tablets, beautifully scented. Retail Price	**1/-** & **1/6** per Tablet.
A Large Tablet fully scented with OTTO OF ROSES. Retail Price	**2/6** per Tablet.

PEARS' SOAP

represents the highest achievement in soap-making and being ALL soap---NOT SOAP MIXED WITH WATER---is remarkably economical and

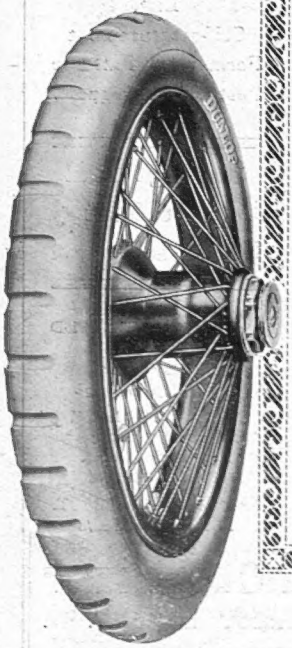
CAN BE USED TO THE THINNESS OF A SIXPENCE.

This Soap FAMED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD for 123 years is intended to be sold Retail at the above prices, but Dealers not infrequently sell PEARS' Soap at lower prices for the purpose of attracting customers to their own business, a striking testimony to the great merits and popularity of this soap.

MATCHLESS FOR THE COMPLEXION!

JUST as in the mountainous parts of Scotland and Wales, or the dales of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, so in the plains of East Anglia, that district of quiet and repose, wide horizons, and ancient seats of learning,

DUNLOP



tyres and detachable wire wheels give that degree of certitude and luxurious comfort essential to the complete enjoyment of the tour.

Write for a copy of the Dunlop tyre catalogue, which gives full particulars of tyres and wheels.

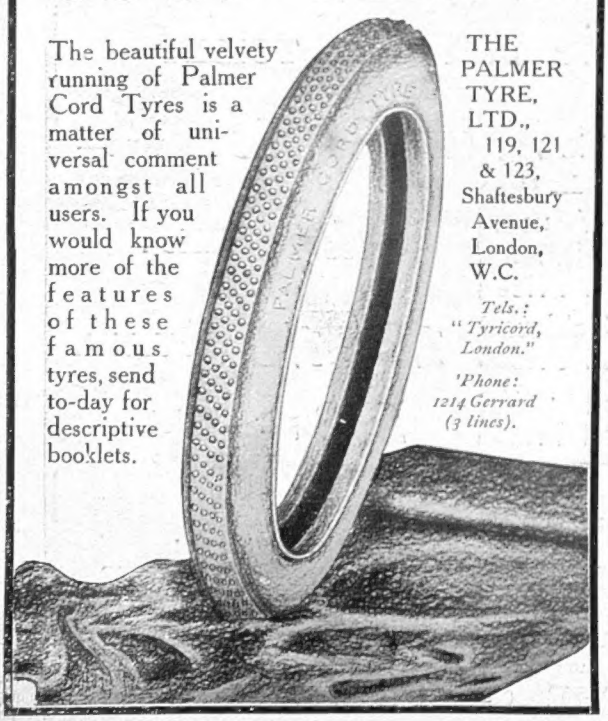
The Dunlop Tyre Co., Ltd., Aston Cross, Birmingham., 14, Regent St., London, S.W.
Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.
Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.

You're on Velvet

if your car is fitted with

PALMER CORD TYRES.

The beautiful velvety running of Palmer Cord Tyres is a matter of universal comment amongst all users. If you would know more of the features of these famous tyres, send to-day for descriptive booklets.



THE PALMER TYRE, LTD., 119, 121 & 123, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.

Tels.: "Tyricord, London."

'Phone: 1214 Gerrard (3 lines).

50,000 MILES without a single mechanical breakdown or defect.

STRAKER-SQUIRE

CRABWOOD, OLD SHIRLEY,
SOUTHAMPTON.
19th August, 1912.

DEAR SIRS,—At the Olympia Show of 1909 I purchased one of your Two-seater 15h.-p. Cars with Runabout Body. As I have never had occasion to worry you (or, indeed, myself) about this car it may, perhaps, have been entirely lost sight of by your firm. You may, however, be interested to hear something about its performances, extending over a period which is rapidly approaching three years.

Ever since I have had the car it has, as a matter of course, had to carry me to business in the morning and bring me home at night, a matter of twenty miles, absolutely regardless of weather. This means doing twenty miles a day at least 300 days a year.

This, however, is quite a small fraction of the distance it covers in a year. Between my going to and leaving my business, the car is more often than not in use, so that in an average week it covers 400 miles. Frequently, however, it is called upon to take much longer journeys, such as to Penzance, Birmingham, Leicester, and the like. The day before it starts it will have gone through its usual routine, as it will the day following its return.

It has, as a fact, run to my knowledge **over 50,000 miles.** If all cars had the same merits, the motor-car repairer would soon become a pre-historic man, as the amount of money I have had to expend with him **is absolutely nil.** Indeed, my only expenses have been for petrol, oil, tyres, taxes, and a dog which insisted on suicide. I have **never once been stopped for a mechanical breakdown or defect.** The petrol consumption is very small, and the car is exceptionally light on tyres.

Yours faithfully,
H. WESTERN HUTCHINSON, A.M.I.C.E.

15 H.P. ONE MODEL chassis ONLY. Suitable for all types of bodies.

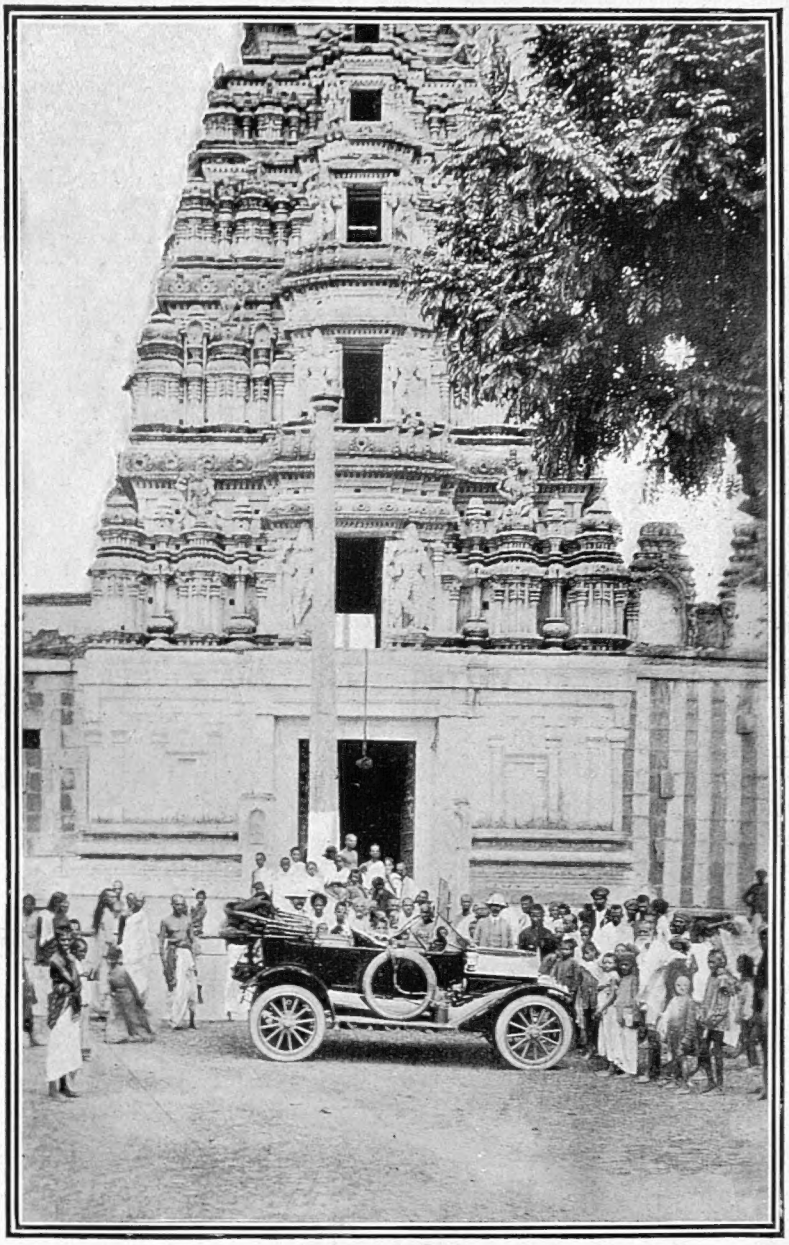
A few Immediate Deliveries of two-seaters.

S. Straker & Squire, Ltd., 75-77, Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON, W.

Telegrams: "STRAQUIRE, LONDON." 'Phone: 8525 Gerrard.

Motoring by Land, Sea, and Sky

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY



THE MAXWELL IN INDIA

A fleet of twelve Maxwell "Mascots" used for hire and demonstration work by the Madras Stable Co., and expressing modern civilsation as excellently as their background expresses the civilisation of antiquity

A Light That Failed

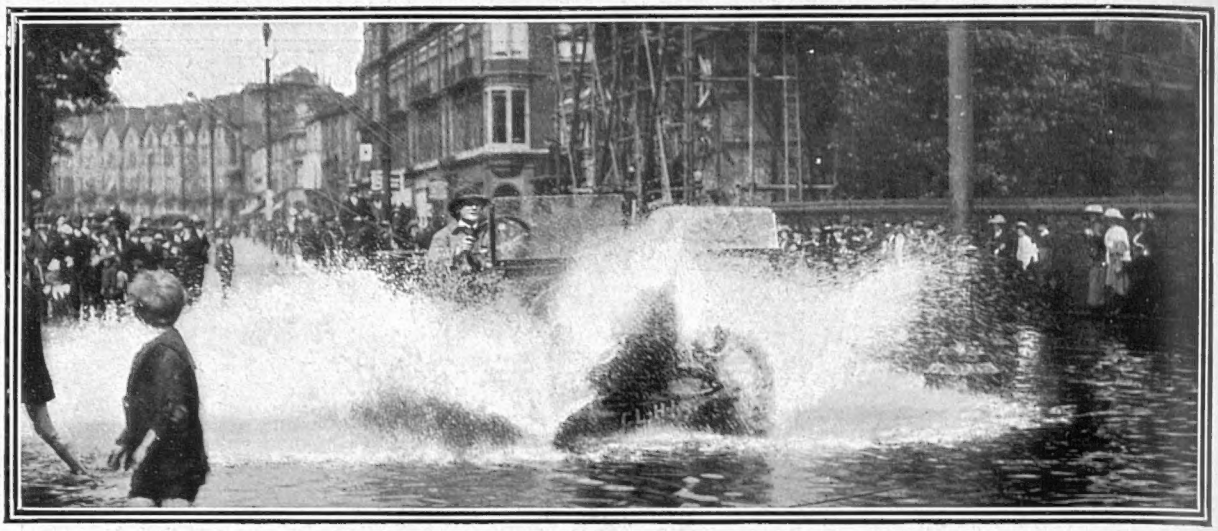
WITH what we are pleased to call "summer" on the wane, the car lamp becomes a burning question. You begin to appreciate a little of the fiery nature of the case when you have been stopped by three policemen in one mile and have exhausted the match reserve, the personal temper, the passengers' patience, and every other inflammable thing, because the wretched tail lamp will not keep alight. I had that experience a week ago, and it liked me nothing. Only the fact that neither car nor lamp belonged to me prevented me from dealing with the tail lamp part of it drastically—with a number nine hammer. Indeed, than insufficient and inefficient lighting there is nothing quite so desperately annoying. Engine failure or any other matter of large moment can be tolerated with a certain bad grace. But the lamp, and particularly the tail lamp, is such an insignificant item in the sum of motoring, and to be baulked and harried by such a thing makes an irritant of a specially objectionable brand. Everything else about the car working with the symmetrical precision of a well-balanced watch. The first moonlit midnight I have seen for weeks. Only the lamps, thrown in with the purchase price of the car—as insignificant as that—to blight the joy ride.

By Way of Contrast

Perhaps it was because they *were* thrown in with the car—although I could only allow that with several reservations. Still there is a cheapness that can be very dear. Contrariwise, there is a comparative dearness that can be very cheap. The lamp is in the last category. The moral came to me that night with a point that pricked badly, because that night followed right on the heels of another midnight run with Mr Arthur Goodwin, who stands for the C.A.V. lighting outfit. There we had an illuminant immediately summoned up at a finger touch to a switch on the dash, gloriously mellow, yet of a power to make plain the track for—incredible figures—500 yards. To the truth of that I bear earnest witness. Five hundred paces of my own would err on the side of under-estimate when expressed in yards, for I am long i' the leg. Yet at that distance, with the night ink-black above and the road tar-black below, the dial of a watch is read at a glance and the notebook with little more scrutiny.

To All Distressed Motorists

A little row of switches on the dash control all lamps—head, side, interior, tail, dash. If the rear-most lamp fails, you have the indication automatically expressed before your eyes. In front a lane of light 500 yards long with every pitfall and gin

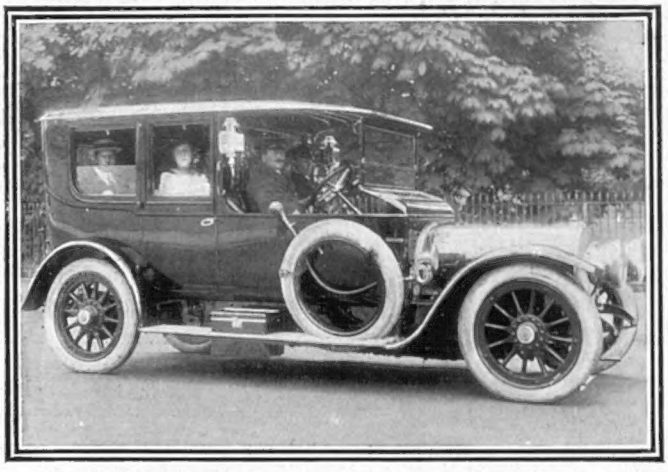


Photograph *Sport and General*

"WHERE THE WATERS COME DOWN" AT—NORWICH

A "street" scene after the recent record rain. A waterplane would doubtless be better suited to the conditions, but the car has managed very well—where the clearance has been sufficient

plainly discovered. The sense of perfect safety under such conditions makes night-driving a dear delight. The look of the lamps in daylight adds much to the car's appearance and an ell to its owner's inches. The reflection that these are the lamps of kings and emperors (King George, the Emperor of Japan, and other Royal personages) will not detract from any proper conceit engendered by their possession. Electrically lit, of course, tracing their current back through accumulators to its source in the C.A.V. dynamo, easily in the front rank of electrical adaptations to car lighting. A very complete outfit, and *not* thrown in with any vehicle. Yet they are listed at a possible price, and are an excellent expression of my hoary aphorism that comparatively dear things can be very cheap. To any sufferer from the dreary insufficiency of cheap lamps; to all who have had to explain to policemen and to slop around in a quagmire with a match; to all who must do considerable night driving; to any who wish for an interior illuminant; to all who would have a new wonder added unto them, I commend the consideration of the C.A.V. outfit. C.A.V. or otherwise as you please, but in any case a sound, workmanlike, reliable and efficient lighting set. In the alternative, increase the insurance, add to the vocabulary of invective, and wait for the unpleasant time which will surely come. The only other way is to garage the car after sundown.



THE CAR MAGNIFICENT

The choice of Mr. & Mrs. Lewisohn (Miss Edna May), a notably fine example of the complete car. A Dieteren Torpedo Limousine body on a 37 h.p. Delaunay Belleville chassis

Sunbeams in Preparation

The Sunbeam Company does not propose to rest upon its present profusion of laurels, although it could, if necessary, afford that luxury very well. It is up and doing again in preparation for next year's Grand Prix. It has entered a team of three cars. I imagine after its performance in this year's Grand Prix the entry is not being lightly regarded by the other potential competitors, particularly the French. The Sunbeam has won the British industry an international standing in the road-racing arena of to-day, and it is "up to" the firm behind it to hold the fort. We can rely upon it that the Sunbeam Company will not disappoint by any lack of thoroughness in its preparations. This year they were a revelation of system and foresight. Next year they are not likely to be anything less. It's early for wishes, but—good luck.

In Compression

The Valveless car, from the starting-handle to the back axle, yea, even as far back as the rearmost shackle pin, in handbook form for the asking. The Valveless car is easily one of the most interesting and certainly one of the most valuable contributions yet made to the evolution of the motor vehicle. In my limited knowledge of it on the road, a knowledge which I hope considerably to increase shortly, it comes very near to being a revelation of flexible power and fluid movement. Certainly apply for that handbook. 34, Old Bond Street, W., is the address.

Very few firms have such well equipped works and skilled mechanics to undertake Repairs as Jarrott, Limited. Write for booklet, entitled "Cars: There Repairs and Up-keep."—JARROTT, LTD., 35, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W.